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PICTORIAL REVIEW



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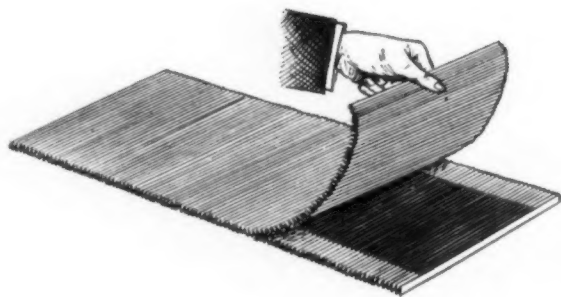
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FASHION has a varying list of charms for women, but one of the most potent of all lies in its power of stimulation. It is a sort of invigorating tonic for the feminine mind, and involves a periodical renewing of the general appearance, which is very grateful to feminine vanity. Each season brings its changes, and at once a new picture of how she will look in this or that new costume promptly presents itself to a woman's innate sense of befitting attire. Variations in dress are bound to incite some new interest, for there is nothing else which can so quickly change a woman's point of view, and transform her appearance, as a new gown made in the latest mode.

For the spring season plain materials are most favored, especially the smooth, glossy, satin-faced cloths which adapt themselves so well to the development of the new and graceful lines that are a feature of the coming modes.

The rainy day and golf suits will continue to be made of Oxford mixtures and cheviots, and the popularity of these materials for the purposes mentioned will, if anything, be rather augmented.

Among the newest colors, as shown by the color cards of the Chambre Syndicale, of Paris, are: Strawberry in a variety of tints, from the very palest to a deep, rich shade which is almost a garnet; a bright, clear red, resembling poppy; also a decided coral, and several pastels with gold effects; while among the changeables is a particularly handsome tint called Sada-Yacco, with interwoven gold threads. Three new browns—light, medium and chestnut—will no doubt be much favored, as well as two new variations of the ever-popular *mode*, but with a reddish cast; beige and castor, silver, nickel, and platina gray, and three yellows complete the list. Added to these are a number of old favorites, such as heliotrope, lilac, pale and dark green, etc.

Of all these colors all shades of red with military trimmings, and blue and black set off with gold trimmings, are likely to be the most popular. In combinations we predict dark blue, with porcelain blue, also blue with gold and black, and black with gold.

The favored garnitures will consist of all kinds of braids in various widths, taffeta straps, gold soutache, and, above all, Brandenburgs in black and gold. Quite the newest fancy consists of stitching with heavy gold threads.

Buttons will be extensively employed, especially the latest novelty, the l'Aiglon button, which is surrounded with narrow black velvet ribbon loops and will adorn the jaunty taffeta Etons.

Scotch plaid silk will be largely used for collars, cuffs and vest effects, and will add a bright touch of color to dark-hued gowns.

The smartest jackets and coats, both short and long, will, this coming season, be developed of tucked taffeta and satin, and for this purpose Louisine silk, a new weave, is best adapted. Entire costumes of taffeta will be much favored by the smart set.

Figaros, boléros and Etons will have the field all to themselves, as the many new adaptations and variations of these favorite garments are practically endless, and each season brings new modes and cuts, or a new manner of adjusting trimming, so that straightway the whole feminine world worships at the shrine of the boléro. The newest and latest are quite short,

allowing the broad belt, which is this season's requisite adjunct to a swell gown, to be seen. Boléros and Etons with postilion back are *de rigueur*, and it is confidently predicted that open effects, permitting

pretty vest and blouse arrangements, will be universal.

As far as collars are concerned, the great vogue of the Aiglon has been a sincere impetus to the artistic minds of the creators of style to evolve further chic novelties, and the result is a series of modifications of the fundamental idea, which is truly attractive, and is frequently enhanced with Aiglon embroidery.

Nearly all garments will have full sleeves in bishop effect, and will be completed with tight cuffs. This style will be particularly graceful in the soft silks and satin-finished cloths, as well as later on in the organdies and lawns.

For these same materials the becoming Marie Antoinette effects have been introduced, and will, without doubt, be generally adopted.

The question of skirts, how they will be cut, and how made, has been agitating the feminine world for some time, because, although the fitted, plain skirts are very beautiful, the very familiarity engendered by our long acquaintance with them palls us, and leads us to seek new and unexplored fields. Consequently, skirts with fulness around the hips (called the thin woman's revenge), either gathered, plaited, tucked or shirred, are the *parole*. The fulness in back is arranged in a series of small, flat plaits resembling tucks. Panel skirts are also among the novelties.

For early spring wear toreador-shaped toques of tucked silk, strapped with cloth, will be much worn, and the left side, raised with a bandeau, is adorned with very long buckles of gilt or chased gilt and turquoise. Some of the newest toques are composed of taffeta silk in different shades. For instance, a very flat, broad toque of draped silk, in a light shade of brown, is trimmed with three choux of taffeta in three different shades of brown, all lighter than the silk that is used to drape the toque.

In the meantime the gowns and hats fashioned for the departing days of Winter are ravishing in the extreme. One handsome dress is of crêpe de Chine in the palest ashes of roses. The skirt is laid about the hips and back in side plaits, stitched down tight to just below the hips. Around the bottom is a circular Renaissance flounce of exquisite design. A less expensive lace can be easily substituted, and if carefully chosen will look almost as handsome. An embroidered appliqué of roses reaches up the front of the skirt. The draped bodice is smartened with a short boléro of tucked crêpe de Chine. The stock collar is of folded white tulle with little tabs of deep cream lace falling over the edge. The edges of the boléro fasten in front with narrow straps of black velvet and jeweled buttons.

Another pretty evening gown is of pale-pink accordeon plaited chiffon. The skirt has a deep girdle of exquisite deep yellow Cluny with stole ends, that holds the plaits very flat about the hips. The corsage, of the chiffon, has a small lace boléro. Two narrow black velvet bands are about the waist, and pointed velvet bands form strips down the front, this being the only trimming.

A dinner gown in Empire effect is of pale-blue panne velvet, which forms the fitted princess foundation. The overdress of drapery of ecru heavy corded lace, falls loose, and is attached to the panne with a drapery of pale blue. Black velvet baby ribbon is woven in and out of the lace, giving character and tone. Outlining the décolletage and forming the Empire girdle as well, are row after row of closely shirred chiffon forming diamonds over black velvet designs. Black velvet straps reach across the shoulders, and below are little shirred sleeves. A bunch of black velvet flowers is fastened to the shoulder.

Very severe but elegant two-piece suits are made of black poulx de soie. One recently finished has a long skirt with a wide, fitted flounce stitched with great skill, and showing no other trimming.



*Pictorial
Review*

PROMENADE GOWNS.

(Described on page 10.)

WOMEN OF

ALL NATIONS

V. THE SWISS.

HE Swiss cannot be described as one, but rather as a multiple with infinite changes. The country may be called a happy one, with the majestic mountains, which remind one of nothing so much as an ocean lashed into fury by a storm, presents characters as varied as the regions. It can be compared to a huge, magnificent basket, where the flowers, in the shape of women of different races, make up a strange, enticing harmony.

In the southern part the Italian type predominates, and at every step one meets beauties with pale, clear complexions and soft, velvety eyes, gleaming with warm, golden rays. The Italian language, or rather the idiom which is their medium, issues from their coral lips like sweet and rapid music.

The air is made balmy with the

southern wind, which, sweeping over the Algerian plains a destructive simoon, is tempered by the adjacent glaciers, and fills the valleys with soft, refreshing zephyrs, that bring forth and caressingly play with the flowering orange and lemon trees, the camelias and the roses.

The women in the central part of the country love the air and the sunshine. Their houses are Edens of spotless purity, their surroundings lofty, serene Nature, which, at the same time, is their *salon* where, in the evening, under the warm sky, sprinkled with a myriad stars, they meet in gay revelry. The Swiss are amiable and hospitable throughout the entire country. They are full of a thousand delicate attentions for their guests, they love to question them about their likes and dislikes, their life, their habits and their tastes, but this is done with such a sweet and charming grace that it is impossible to find the questions indiscreet or troublesome. In return you have the same franchise, although questioning is rarely necessary; they voluntarily tell you all about their affairs, their family and their occupations.

The predominating note is *bonhomie*. Strangers are received with affection. In the evening the young girls assemble around the piano and sing Swiss and Tyrolean airs, as well as the national patriotic hymns in vogue in the Helvetic Republic. These sweet and melancholy melodies contain, at times, a savage and metallic note, like a signal of combat, a call to arms. But just as often they gaily sing sentimental little ditties or those fresh songs of Nature, in which we hear the murmuring brook, the raging torrent, the grand voice of the mountains, the majesty of eternal snow and ice, with a sincerity of accent and a vigor of execution that is truly admirable.

The women of northern Switzerland partake of the German and French type. They are blonde and *svelte*, like the delicate flower that nestles at the foot of the glaciers, like the charm and mysticism of the mountains with their limpid waters. They are like Undine, like legendary fairies. The life between sky and earth disposes the young girl to a grave and dreamy reverie, which is clearly reflected in her beautiful blue eyes and her blushing face.

Despite this dreaminess she can be gay and active, and she is fond of work, always considering the comfort of others, while the family life is of the utmost harmony.

The Swiss woman, in all degrees of society, is singularly and carefully minute in all details. The floors of the rooms are scrubbed every day, and the result is a snowy whiteness. The curtains on windows and beds are as fresh, pure and candid as their owners.

We have not said anything about opulent chatelaines nor poverty in tatters, because these two extremes of advancing civilization do not exist in Switzerland. One sees neither castles nor hovels. The "happy mediocrity," of which the poet sings, reigns here. Fortunate country that can ignore poverty! There seems to be plenty of wood to construct chalets and build fences for pasturages, and plenty of land for cultivation. One can easily believe oneself transported to Arcadia, with all its pastoral simplicity. The Swiss character can truly be said to be idyllic. And yet, how could it be otherwise, where Nature is so lofty and grand, uniting in one magnificent spectacle, perhaps the most sublime and unique in the world. The manners and customs are in harmony with the grace of the country, and life in the chalets, as well as on the lofty heights, is one perpetual enchantment.

The Swiss adore their pretty houses, all built of wood, redolent with rosin, ornamented with balconies and copings, the windows framed with climbing roses, and looking out on the snow that melts with the first warm ray of the summer sun. The house and its surroundings is looked after by the wife, while the husband climbs the mountains, with its dangerous glaciers, in pursuit of the wily chamois.

The fête days are very interesting and full of sentiment, and occur very frequently. There is a special day for the departure to the mountains, which is celebrated with balls and kermesses. Husbands, lovers, mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives, follow this ancient custom of farewell jollity to those who are about to depart on their dangerous calling amidst glaciers and avalanches; and all endeavor to show each other the sweet comfort of love and tenderness.

Paul Fribourg thus describes a kermess at Lucerne: "The gathering of fair women surely deserves to be perpetuated by the brush of some master artist. The short skirt is usually of a striking, vivid color, the broad corselet and the waist are trimmed with a profusion of embroidery, and dainty trinkets are attached with slender silver chains, until the whole is covered with a jingling mass of ornaments. Large straw hats, garnished with flowers and ribbon, are worn with a piquant air, and frame sweet faces, animated, expressive, and glowing with the vivid color of perfect health. The whole presents a most charming picture, and inspires one with the joy of living."

From Lucerne we will follow Alexandre Dumas to Berne, where the scene again varies, and slightly different customs reign. "The women of Canton Vaud," he says, "wear their hair braided and arranged in a

(Continued on page 7.)





TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

(Described on page 10.)

(Continued from page 5.)

simple, becoming way; the women of Canton Val arrange theirs in a dainty chignon, and wear coquettish little hats edged with black velvet and trimmed with gold-embroidered ribbon. Among all these, however, the Bernese, the sweetest and most graceful of all, stands out prominently with her dainty little bonnet covered with flowers. Her snowy neck is encircled with a black velvet ribbon, her guimpe of white lawn has puffed sleeves with plaited lace ruffles, and the corselet, which is very high and reaches well over the bust, is richly embroidered with gold."

The daughters of William Tell, valorous and brave, strive to emulate the heroic Boer women who defended their hearths so energetically. In 1798 seventeen young girls were found among the dead after the battle of Stranz, and the walls of the chapel of Winkelried relate that among 414 combatants were 112 women. This shows that the Undine of the murmuring cascades has the soul of a Valkyrie, and that the soft, velvety and yielding Edelweiss has an energetic and loyal heart.

The inhabitants of the valleys south of Monte Rosa are delightful people. They suit their native scenery in a curiously happy manner. It has been said reproachfully of Rimella, the Val Grande, Val Piccolo, Fobello, Val Sesia, and all the region of which I write, that Nature has here become absolutely "theatrical." Mother Earth is more than "an actress;" she is affected, and a coquette, heaping up adornments. Woods, water (there are cascades at every turn), the wildest outlines in the rock pyramids, the quaint brown chalets (shoulder to knee, as it were, they stand in spirals round conical points, or in ascending ranks upon the airy cliffs), the fantastic mantle of brocade, in greenery and flowers, thrown over all the lower slopes, the strings of white pearls and showers of glittering diamonds in the foam and the spray of the mountain torrents, and the magnificent tiara of towering crags, crowning the whole, and

seeming to touch the sky, all combine to give the impression of a prodigality in ornament, spendthrift loveliness!

The inhabitants are distinctly "decorative." The descendants of Swiss colonists at Gressoney (whose language is still French) are, perhaps, not more than comely; at Alagna the people are distinctly plain; at Rima, which, like Alagna, is a German-speaking townlet, there are plenty of handsome, fair faces; and still finer is the blonde type of German Rimella; but these colonies (of hundreds of years back) are merely racial islands in a human sea of ancient Italian origin. The population inherits the refinement of the flowering time of a rich and many-sided civilization. Beautiful faces, courtly manners, hands and feet fit for a sculptor's model (even in the hard workers of the fields), and, in general, forms to be most easily matched in the works of the great Italian masters, mark the race inhabiting these valleys. In most parts the figures are diminutive, though so shapely and well proportioned. The small stature is due mainly, doubtless, to the hard conditions of the local life. Gold has been mined in times past in all these valleys. Pliny records that a law was made in the time of the Romans forbidding the employment of more than 5,000 miners at one time in the district. I have picked up a lump of quartz in Valle Vogna with a trace of gold in the snowy stone like a shred of "beaters' leaf." The picturesque steeps are hard to cultivate—mere shelving ledges often, on which a coating of earth must first be placed in many cases, and then must be carefully fenced about and supported, else it would be washed off by the rains and lost. On the high pastures, though the pretty little cows are more agile than a goat, they often lose their footing, slip and slide a little way, then roll over and over, till they come to the edge of some high cliff, at the foot of which lies, a moment or two later, a shapeless mass of flesh, hide, hoofs and horns.

CARNIVAL. A MIDWINTER CAPRICE.

THE day is drawing to a close, twilight is deepening into night. Outside the streets are getting whiter and whiter as more and more snowflakes come tumbling gaily down. The streets are quiet in my part of the town, but everywhere brightly lighted windows and flitting shadows give evidence of the life within the walls. The logs in my grate have burned away, and, like a low sigh, the last faint flame has died, while I resolve to put on my snug ulster, draw my hat down over my eyes and sally forth, city-ward.

Everywhere are sounds of music, gay lancers, dreamy waltzes, that send the blood coursing madly through my veins, and conjure all kinds of faces before my mind's eye. The nearer I get to the city the livelier it grows. Carriage after carriage rolls past, and pedestrians are almost as numerous as the snowflakes when, suddenly, a most entrancing vision rises before me. A sweet, piquant face with laughing eyes, whose brilliancy sends a strange thrill through my heart—that is all. I turn and follow those eyes, and find that they belong to a figure that wears a large hood and a long, dark cloak, which just allows a narrow border of her white dress to be seen. Through it all I hear the faint "click, click" of her step on the pavement cleared of snow—a lovely melody that makes my brain whirl.

"Click, click"—"click, click"—it is just as if one could see the dainty feet tripping along, so gay, so rapid, so eager.

"Click"—now it has stopped, and hood and cloak have disappeared—before me is a large building, from whose upper windows come the strains of a mad, alluring galop; it seems as if I again hear the "click, click" and look into those laughing eyes. I enter and search for them right and left, but my labor is in vain. All these eyes are laughing, all are sparkling with gaiety and pleasure, but so sweet and beautiful a face as the one under the hood, and such a pair of thrilling eyes, I find nowhere. As the music strikes up the opening strains of a lancers, I turn, and quietly go away.

The snow is still falling, and more and more people are crowding the street. Carriage after carriage slowly moves forward and deposits its inmates before a palatial mansion. I push my way through the crowd that, idle, gaping, curious, surrounds the entrance, when suddenly it seems as if I again hear the alluring "click, click" of the tiny feet; my blood boils as I catch a glimpse of the sweet, lovely face behind the carriage window—those strangely brilliant eyes whose look has entered my heart like a sunbeam—strange, strange—and yet I cannot doubt that it was she. I resolve to enter and whisper a name to the stiff, unbending footman at the door, who immediately opens it wide, and lets me in.

I go up a marble staircase and find a magnificent, fairy-like ballroom transformed into a garden of palms and roses, violets and hyacinths, and, like one in a dream, I glance around. Near the door stands a noted general with a martial mustache; his eyes are mirthful, almost as mirthful as the ones I am looking for. And the lady with whom he is conversing, a dazzling blonde beauty in a transparent lace robe, has the same eyes—the same smile. The sounds of a graceful, gliding waltz sound softly from a

distance, and like a flash the room seems a wonderful symphony of color, form and light, with beauteous women in silk, lace and tulle as the *motif*. The green palms, the soft pink, the glowing scarlet of the roses, the white hyacinths, snowy shoulders and arms, gleaming jewels, alluring figures—gaiety, laughter, the rustle of silk, sparkling eyes—all this I see as the dancers whirl past. A whole roomful of laughing eyes from fairyland—but hers, hers are not among them. Sadly I turn away with sinking heart, and find myself once more in the snow-covered street.

"Click, click"—"click, click"—is it a dream, a delusion of this mad night? Again I hear those enticing feet, see the beautiful face, glowing with health, life and vivacity, luring me on and on through the snow!

Again I find myself in the midst of a throng of gay masqueraders madly whirling around to the strains of bacchanalian music—am I on another planet, or still on this sedate earth? And under which of those masks is her face hidden? They dance past me, intriguing and jesting—Marguerites, flower girls, Japanese, cupids, queens of night, all, all with laughing eyes.

Midnight strikes, and the masks fall, but she is not there. Everyone is looking at me with an everyday face, that seems sadly out of place above the strange raiment. But that one face, so full of beauty and poetry, I do not see.

It is five o'clock in the morning, and I am again walking along the street, not so crowded now, although subdued strains of music are still occasionally heard. The world really seems to have gone mad—or has it become wiser? Who can tell!

At last I am home, it is still snowing, and in contrast with the recent gaieties it seems almost solitude. As I open the door a comfortable warmth greets me. The lighted lamp is on my desk, and my little Brownie welcomes me with a smile. Literary people cannot have valets, but Brownies and Gnomes are at their disposal. My particular and favorite Brownie is very kind to me just now; he gets my slippers for me and my smoking jacket, and puts pen and ink in place.

"And now write about *her*," he whispers, roguishly.

"About her?" I cry, angrily. "You know I do not like interfering in my private affairs!"

But the little fellow is not abashed; he only smiles anew.

"Why, that was not a living being," he answers. "It was only a phantom—the Goddess of Carnival!"

"The—Goddess—of Carnival?"

"Yes. Or, to put it in more modern language, that particular something in human nature that rebels against the commonplace of everyday life. And that explains why you fell in love with the glowing face."

I sigh—and know that it is true. And yet, as I write, it seems as if that radiant, beautiful face and those laughing, roguish eyes are bending over me very tenderly and flood the whole room with sunshine.



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CLOTH STREET COSTUMES.

(Described on page 10.)

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THE PORTRAIT.



A GIRL stood at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-fifth street, and signaled the stage to stop, quickly entering when it had slowed down. Then the horses lurched forward and the vehicle swung down Fifth avenue with even motion. Sara Lewis sank in her seat rather wearily, and, turning her face, looked at the passing show, at the lights and the glamour of the shops, at the crowd surging to and fro with ceaseless movement. Her head ached after the day's work, and she was dispirited. She imagined that the innumerable passers-by had pleasant homes to go to, and friends, and at least a contented mind; but she had nothing. Catching now and again the glimpse of a hurrying face, she read in it a zest for life, courage, an eagerness to affront the manifold chances of existence. And, comparing her fancies with the reality of her own lot, her mouth fixed itself into a woful expression. She had expected the course of things to bring her a rich variety of emotions, thinking herself ready to accept the bitter with the sweet, strong in her ambition, and greedy for obstacles to surmount; but the years passed by with heavy feet, monotonously, and she was crushed by the necessity of earning bread. Her desire to be a fine pianist had dwindled into a certain content that by hard work she was able to earn enough as a teacher modestly to support herself. But sometimes physical exhaustion robbed her even of that source of comfort, and she was completely disheartened by the sense of her own incapacity.

But, while she thought, Sara felt strange eyes upon her, and, glancing round, saw seated opposite a man in a squash hat, with a little pointed beard and a black mustache. He was looking at her, and dropped his eyes as they crossed hers. She knew the face, and presently remembered that it belonged to an artist whom she had seen at some "At Home" where she was engaged as accom-

panist; she had been told his name—Richard Soule—and lately had seen two pictures by him in an exhibition. She had been interested in them for the boldness of character which she discovered, and the fearless originality. Sara Lewis worshiped success, and the little stir which the portraits had made caused her to look at the artist for a moment with a certain admiring curiosity. She wondered if he recognized the humble accompanist; his stare looked as if he had been trying to recollect her name. As soon as she turned away, his eyes again fixed themselves upon her; she felt them uncomfortably; she wondered what they meant and did not know whether to be offended or rather pleased. The steady gaze was hardly polite, and as Sara gave him another glance, rather angrily this time, a faint color brightened her sallow cheeks.

But the stage had reached her destination, and Sara got out, noticing that Soule was doing the same. As she stood on the curb, waiting to cross, he came up and raised his hat.

"Excuse me, but I'm sure I know you—and I can't remember your name."

"I remember seeing you at Mrs. Foster's when I was accompanying—last autumn."

"Oh, is that it? I was sure I'd seen you."

Sara saw that he had no recollection other than of a face that had once crossed his vision. She gave him a bow and was just about to cross the street.

"Hasn't Mrs. Foster an 'At Home' next week? Are you going?"

"Yes—she always has me."

And then with another little bow she rather hurriedly left him.

When she reached her shabby rooms, Sara thought again of Richard Soule, and smiled at the eagerness he had shown to make her acquaintance. She reproached herself for running away in a sort of panic of propriety; she did not allow the Fates opportunity to work on her behalf. But she would see him again at the Fosters'; his anxious question showed he meant to be there, and she was rather flattered. She thought of him all the evening.

On her arrival at Mrs. Foster's, Richard Soule was the first person that Sara saw; his eyes had evidently been awaiting her entrance, for they lit up, and he moved towards her. For a while he could not approach, but at last came to her

with outstretched hands, cordially, as if he had really known her a long time; Sara felt herself blushing a little, and her heart beat somewhat faster. The painter's eyes were full of admiration.

"I'm so glad you've come. You've not forgotten me?"

"No," she said, smiling. "And I know who you are. But you haven't the faintest idea who I am. You don't even know my name."

"Oh, yes, I do. I've asked Mrs. Foster all about you."

"Why?"

"I've been thinking of nothing but you ever since I saw you."

"What nonsense!"

But Sara's eyes glistened now with pleasure and gratitude; they were fine eyes, brown and deep, they were far and away her best feature. Soule's admiration gave her an odd thrill, and she felt that a new person was growing up within her; it was the sunshine to the sunflower, and a new, richer life was spreading itself out and basking happily in the light. She was called away to play, and for an hour was fully occupied; but Soule stood as close to her as he might, and every now and then she looked up at him. All the while she felt his piercing, strong eyes upon her, and now they were not offensive or obtrusive; they gave her indeed quite an exquisite pleasure.

"How beautifully you play!" he said, when they were again together.

"You're very appreciative."

"Tell me all about yourself. Tell me where you live. Why do you accompany at 'At Homes' when you could play at concerts?"

"You want to know a great deal. Why do you suppose I earn money, when I can?"

"Am I impertinent? I'm sorry—but you can't think how you interest me. I think you are perfectly wonderful."

"It's very nice of you to say so."

"Have you ever seen any of my pictures? I should like you to come and see my studio."

"That would be delightful. I saw two portraits of yours only a little while ago."

"Oh, I can do better than that now. Did you like them?"

Presently, when Sara was going away, Soule asked if he might escort her, and they walked together along Madison avenue. She found the artist very fascinating, and he was glib-tongued, and poured forth a whole stream of reminiscence and anecdote. He knew the great French living painters, and had one little characteristic story after another to tell; he gave the inevitable pictures of life in the Latin Quarter. Sara

had read in fifty books all he had to say on the subject, but in his mouth everything was fresh and charming. He told of Florence, and the galleries where one may wander till the joyousness of a long past age sends the blood thrilling through the veins with vigorous delight; and of Rome, with its air of long-dead debauchery; it is like a faded beauty with reminiscences of scarlet sins. Sara's brain was ablaze with the vivid pictures that filled her mind; she was all confused. It was an intoxication, so that she felt almost faint, half mad with sudden desire to see with her own eyes the beauty and the gorgeousness, the mere thought of which overpowered her. Her voice was choked with sobs.

"Oh, why do you tell me these things? It makes me utterly miserable!"

Soule looked at her, and she fancied he understood.

"What interest do you find in me?" she asked. "I'm alone and stupid, and I've seen nothing and been nowhere. Oh, I'm so grateful to you, and yet I feel you've made my life still harder to bear. You can't think how I envy you. You've seen everything, and you know all the people one wants to know. You have genius. I wonder you waste your time talking to me."

"But you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in my life."

"I!" Sara stopped, at first in complete surprise; then she flushed. "You're laughing at me."

But he was serious, looking at her with the penetrating eyes which had first attracted her. Yet she knew herself to be quite plain; the racial type had come out strongly in her, but she had not even the charm of a savage picturesqueness; her hair was dull brown, without the brilliant gloss of so many of her people; her face was colorless, her skin was sal-low.

"My dear friend," she said with a smile, recovering herself, "I am a woman of whom other women are never jealous; I have so few pretensions that they feel at liberty to make jokes to my face. They tell me I'm frightfully dowdy—and I am. My mother used to say: 'Poor Sara, I'm afraid you'll never be a beauty.' You can't imagine what a really plain woman has to suffer!"

"Then I don't know if you're ugly or beautiful. All I know is that I would rather have you as you are than with every grace and charm under the sun."

Sara was silent, and they came to her house, a gloomy place, unpainted and forlorn, with dirty lace curtains in the window, and above

(Continued on page 11.)

Description of Plates.

PROMENADE GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 4.)

Fig. 315.—Costume of satin cloth. The fronts of the corsage are arranged in box-plaits and open over a vest of tuckd taffeta and velvet ribbon. Sash garniture of folded Liberty silk. Turn down collar and revers, as well as stock collar of ecru lace. Sleeves of tuckd and plain material, trimmed with lace insertion. Skirt trimmed with lace to simulate flounce. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 316.—Costume of satin cloth. The waist has bolero fronts, trimmed with black braid, and revers and collar are edged with braid. Sleeves trimmed to match. Wide belt of narrow braid. Similar garniture on skirt. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 317.—Costume of satin cloth. The waist opens over a vest of the cloth, trimmed with velvet ribbon. Revers of lace over velvet. New sleeves trimmed with velvet ribbon. Skirt with box-plaited flounce the plaits slashed and overlapping the velvet ribbon. Lace appliqué on plaits. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 6.)

Fig. 178.—Costume of sponge colored cloth. Saus Revers bolero, with postillion back, trimmed with soutache, taffeta and gold buttons. Panel skirt garnitured with gold buttons and soutache. Pattern, bolero, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 179.—Cloth costume. Fitted double-breasted jacket, trimmed with stitching and taffeta revers. Panel skirt, inverted plait back. Pattern, jacket, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 180.—Cloth costume. Eton, with postillion back, trimmed with taffeta, stitching, gold buttons and gold soutache. New sleeves. Gathered skirt, panel front. Pattern, Eton, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

CLOTH STREET COSTUMES.

(Illustrated on page 8.)

Fig. 320.—Gown of Russian green broadcloth. Vest of black velvet trimmed with gold soutache and gold buttons. New collar. Corsage trimmed with black and gold braid and black soutache. Skirt edged with black velvet and trimmed with braid and soutache. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 321.—Gown of wood-brown satin cloth. Blouse waist trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon and gold buttons. Sailor collar trimmed to match. Vest and stock collar of cream tuckd satin. New sleeves. The skirt has panel front and box-plaited

(Continued on page 12.)



DAINTY TEAGOWNS.

(Described on page 12.)

(Continued from page 9.)

the door a notice that apartments were to let. Sara's heart sank as she arrived: so many bitter moments, such wasted energy, dead hopes, ideals broken and cast away, were represented in that dim and cheerless lodging.

"Good-by, Thank you so much for all you've said to me."

He took her hand and held it.

"Will you let me paint you? I've been wanting to ask you all the time."

"Me? Why on earth should you want to do that?"

"Ever since I saw you I've had it in mind. No one has ever inspired me like you—I *must* paint you. I tell you that you're extraordinary and wonderful."

"I've got no clothes." She was ashamed that her wardrobe was quite poverty stricken.

"But I want you to come as you were when I saw you in the stage, in brown; you had a cloak drawn round you, and a low hat."

"Those were absolutely my oldest things. They're almost in rags; I should be ashamed. I only use them when I'm giving lessons in bad weather. They're dreadfully shabby."

"D'you think I didn't notice them? I have every detail in my mind's eye. A plain, black skirt, muddy and stained, and the brown cloak, drawn round you splendidly; you were rather cold; and the small black hat, what is it called, a toque? It was hardly noticeable in your hair, and your hair was disarranged, straggling. I thought it was coming down. You *must* sit for me. I can do a picture that will be simply stunning. I feel that I shall never do anything better. You are fame to me—you're everything. By Gad, it'll be good enough for the Luxembourg."

He was almost trembling with excitement, and as he spoke his eyes were fixed on her. Sara was profoundly flattered.

"But I have all my lessons. I couldn't spare the time."

"But I want you to come in the evening; I want to paint you by candle light. Oh, I can think of nothing else from morning till night. Will you?"

"I feel very much flattered," she said.

"Will you come to-morrow evening? I want to start at once."

"I shall be very pleased."

Soule broke into fervent thanks, and gave the address of his studio. From her window Sara watched him swing down the street with rapid stride. She could see how full he was of his idea, and gave a little laugh of triumph. She stood in front of her glass and looked at herself happily—for everything now was changed.

"Is it love?" she asked, and the years which before had dragged her down like palpable weights, now

took wings and fled, so that she felt almost a girl. She went about her who inspired him! Sara went away, her heart beating with excitement. All

duties on the following day with heart as light as a joyous child's; the drudgery of teaching stupid people to strum the vulgar tunes that pleased them was turned into a pleasure. She could not keep her fingers off the various pianos she came in contact with, and played little hymns of triumph and thanksgiving, so that her pupils were mystified.

Having an hour to spare, Sara went to see Mrs. Foster, an amiable creature, who interested herself in all the Arts and was continually on the look out for struggling talent. The inquiry that Sara wished to make was made easy by the good lady's first words.

"Oh, I didn't have an opportunity to tell you, but Richard Soule has fallen violently in love with you."

"How absurd!" said Sara, blushing.

"He talked to me about you for an hour. I was so bored. How did you make his acquaintance?"

"I saw him here first," answered Sara, unwilling to disclose the little adventure in the stage.

"He says you're the most wonderful and extraordinary woman he's ever seen," added Mrs. Foster, laughing. "But he's probably told you so himself; he's very frank and eccentric."

"He's a painter, isn't he?"

"He's a genius, my dear. He's been very successful, and everyone is expecting him to do something really great when the opportunity comes."

"And what is the opportunity?"

"Don't you know, he's reached the stage when everything he's done before comes to be only preparation and he's ready now to put all his experience, all his talent and skill, into a masterpiece. You know he's a portrait painter. The first sitter he gets that really inspires him, he'll do a picture that will make him and the model immortal."

And it was she, Sara Lewis, the third-rate pianist,

the wretchedness of past years was nothing now, she looked back to it even with thankfulness, since it had prepared her for this wonderful fortune. And her heart went out to the man who had discovered in her such wonders; she exulted that in her lay his fame and fortune. She could give him immortality, and a sense of power came over her, so that she felt new and strange capacities.

It was with pride that Sara put on the old skirt, the cloak, and the shabby hat. She arrived at the studio—it was rather bare, with plaster casts and a great number of canvases with their faces to the wall: Soule was not of those painters who gather about them piles of bric-a-brac; it was his pleasure to look upon himself as a workman, and his studio was a workshop in which was nothing but the necessities of his handicraft. He greeted Sara with warmth.

"I got a piano in to-day. I thought when you were tired of sitting you would play to me."

Then he showed her a number of sketches that he had already made.

"After I first saw you I came home and did sketch after sketch, trying to remember you. And I've been able to do nothing else ever since."

He told Sara how he desired her to sit.

"I can't talk when I'm painting. I hope you won't mind."

"No. I feel dreadfully self-conscious."

"Oh, that will very quickly pass off."

He spoke briefly, unlike his usual manner, and when he began to work, Sara sat in silence. She looked at his head gleaming in the artificial light. She wondered what sort of man she was for she knew nothing of him, but that she had a wonderful admiration of him. And she asked herself continually what was his feeling towards her; she tried to

think that he saw in her nothing but a model, but her whole being rebelled against the idea. She told herself that he could not love her, but she felt almost sure that he did.

"I'm tired," he said at last. "You must be quite exhausted."

"No, I'm not. I think I enjoy sitting. Shall I play to you?"

"Yes, do."

She sat at the piano, and Soule walked up and down, and at last he stood and looked at her with his rapt expression which she knew so well. She felt as she played that her influence was penetrating him, and the sense of power fascinated her. It was not as the inspiring model that now she held him spellbound. She stopped suddenly and saw him start.

"I didn't know you could play like that," he cried, and his voice was singularly moved.

"Now, let me look at the picture."

"No," he said, almost brusquely.

"I don't want you to look till it's finished. I'm superstitious; I'm afraid that if any eye but mine saw it, the inspiration might go."

He stood between her and the canvas, hiding it from her gaze.

"Very well!" she said, and every eccentricity attracted her more.

"Good night!"

"Good night!" He just touched her hand. He made no effort to show her out, and still seemed under the spell of her music—hardly conscious of what she said.

Next day, when Sara arrived, Soule was full of apologies.

"I quite forgot till you had gone that I should have offered to accompany you home. I have no manners—and you drive out of me all thought of the conventionalities."

"Oh, I'm used to going about alone at all hours. People don't bother about a shabby woman without any attractiveness."

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Thirty-two."

Curiously enough, his question did not seem impertinent, and she had no wish that he should think her possessed of any advantage she had not.

Soule looked at her for a moment, and then said:

"Ah! I'm thirty-five."

Against her will Sara blushed at his remark, and her heart beat so that she feared he must see her confusion. His words seemed to indicate that he had already connected his life with hers. He began to paint, and they were both silent except for one observation of Richard Soule.

"I think there's a change in you since first I saw you. I think there's more alertness in your face."

"I was dreadfully tired that night in the stage," she answered, smiling and reddening.

Did he notice that a new thing had entered her life so that its dreary grayness was luminous now with a glory of light? She did not try to hide from herself that she loved him

(Continued on page 27.)

(Continued from page 10.)

flounce, and is trimmed with velvet ribbon and buttons. Medici's belt of velvet. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

DAINTY TEAGOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 10.)

Fig. 345.—Teagown of pale-blue China silk, edged with a gathered ruffle trimmed with lace. Fichu of silk bands alternating with lace insertion, bordered with a lace ruffle tucked in clusters. New sleeves. Pattern, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 346.—Teagown of old-rose cashmere, figured with black. Panel front of white taffeta. Sailor collar of white taffeta trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon and completed with a gathered ruffle edged with chiffon ruching. Taffeta revers trimmed with ribbon. Lower parts of sleeves of white chiffon. Pattern, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

MASQUERADE COSTUMES.

(Illustrated on page 12.)

Fig. 347.—Alsatian peasant costume. Waist and skirt of scarlet cashmere. Apron of white lawn, trimmed with lace. Bretelles of lawn banded with black velvet ribbon. Alsatian bow of white and black ribbon. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 348.—Spanish girl. Skirt of lemon-yellow taffeta, trimmed with black velvet ribbon, jet cabochons and a Chantilly lace flounce. Draped polonaise of yellow taffeta embroidered with yellow and black and edged with fringe. Pattern, polonaise, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 349.—Incroyable. Eton of striped black and pale-green satin with gold buttons. Revers of cream satin. Puff sleeves, with cuffs of cream satin trimmed with gold buttons. Skirt of pale green satin. Hat of cream satin with gold rosettes. Pattern, Eton, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 350.—Empire costume. Rose-pink taffeta or satin, trimmed with plaited flounce, over which falls scalloped flounce of embroidered chiffon. Ruching of pinked taffeta. Powdered hair, ostrich feathers. Pattern, costume, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

GIRLS' FANCY DRESSES.

(Illustrated on page 14.)

Fig. 351.—1830 costume of figured China silk or organdy. Skirt trimmed with five narrow ruffles. Bolero of sage-green velvet spangled with gold. Revers of gold-embroidered lace. Wide girdle of black velvet. Long silk mitts. Ecu straw hats, trimmed with flowers and ribbon. Pattern, costume, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 352.—Watteau shepherdess. Waist of royal-blue taffeta. Yoke and sleeves of embroidered mousseline de soie. Epau-lettes and drapery of royal-blue mousseline. Skirt of pale-blue and white striped silk, trimmed with lace ruffles and rosettes. Paniers of blue silk. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 353.—Snowball. Jacket and skirt of white velvet. Large, soft rosettes of white velvet simulate snowballs. Pattern, jacket, (Continued on page 14.)



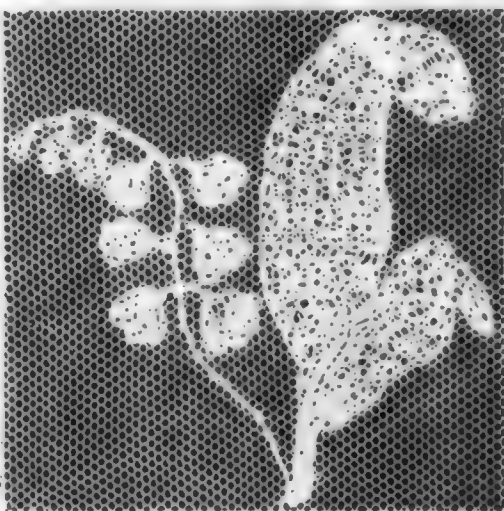
MASQUERADE COSTUMES.

(Described on this page.)

CROCHET APPLIQUE LACE.

OUR illustrations show a charming novelty that will be welcomed by many home workers. It possesses advantages over many kinds of fancy work in that it is easy to learn, easy to do, and easy to wash, and, moreover, will be found quite as durable as many kinds of lace which involve greater expense and more labor. It can be applied to many articles in everyday use, such as pillows, antimacassars, nightdress sachets, brush and comb bags, doylies, etc. One great advantage in the work is the short time occupied in its production.

Materials required: Crochet cotton, No. 26, soft and fine; a piece of white Brussels net, the size required; a crochet hook, No. 4, and



DESIGN FOR LILY OF THE VALLEY SPRAY.

an ordinary transfer pattern (one that has been used will do as well as a new one). The crochet work must be done as loosely as possible, and one thread only must be picked up, so as to give the lace the appearance of extreme lightness. The flowers and leaves are formed in single crochet, worked in rows across, so as to turn the work at each row. The leaves are commenced at the point, and those that have their points turned over are made so by working a little piece lengthwise, and sewing it in position. The easiest way to get the shape of each leaf correctly (being careful to measure within the line; as the button-hole stitch will slightly increase the size) will be to measure frequently by the design chosen. To decrease miss a stitch or gather two together, to spread the leaf put two stitches in the last of the row. The stems are chain. It is well to apply each stem and leaf or flower as soon as ready.

Place the leaf upon the transfer pattern where it belongs, pin it on, then place the net over it, and either pin or tack the leaf to the net, then remove the pin from the paper, and with a sewing needle and the same cotton work round the leaf in light buttonhole stitch, keeping the crochet work under the net, and working upon the net, picking up only a single thread of the crochet with each stitch. When the work is com-

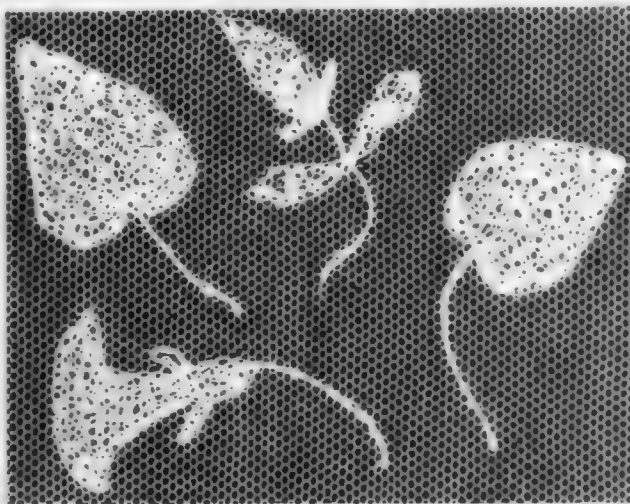


pleted it presents the appearance of lace lying upon the surface of the net. To form the wing of a butterfly or any flower having a dark spot, make eight chain unite to form a ring and work over it (not into the loops) one row single crochet; this forms the starting point for the wing, turn back and work half a row. After this it must frequently be placed upon the design. To extend the work at the top or base increase, to bring out a point at the side put two stitches into one, or if a sharp point is desired put two chain between the two stitches. The pieces of chain for stems are placed under the net and attached by working over them snail-trail stitch.

DETAILS OF SIMPLE DESIGNS.

LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.

These leaves are very easy to work. Begin at the point by mak-



CONVOLVULUS DESIGN.

ing a small loop of about five chain stitches, turn and gradually increase until the full width of the leaf is obtained. If you have a natural leaf to work from it will be an advantage, if not, you may draw one in pencil or use some other convenient guide. For the lily make a chain long enough for the stem, then do four or five chain, unite to form a small bud at the end, then make separately another small loop, and work upon it three single crochet, picking up only

a single thread for each stitch. Now make two chain for the little stem, and attach it to the main stem near the small bud. Continue making these, graduating the size. The next may be made a trifle larger by working a little looser. The largest flowers will need five single crochet and two rows, also the small stems must be longer.

These leaves are all made upon the same principle, beginning at the point with a small loop of chain. For rose leaves, after the full width is reached they must be rapidly decreased by gathering up three stitches together so as to bring it round to meet the stem in about two rows. The wild rose is formed by making a small disk for the center. Do this by making the ring of chain from which it starts as small as possible, that there may be no opening in the middle when finished. Round this disk work six leaves, three rows of single crochet, bringing the third row well down between each leaf, so that the six

of which make two single crochet for first row, into this work three or four, as may be necessary for size of bulb, then decrease, and on each side make a loop of chain, about six chain, to form the divided bud. The spreading of the flower is managed by putting three stitches into one at each end of the row.

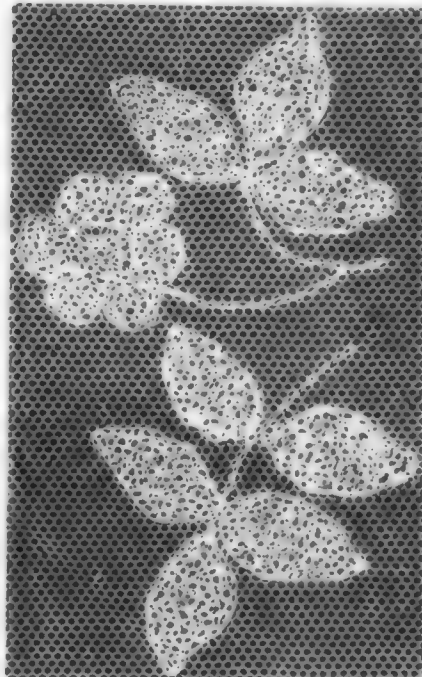
It can be easily cleaned. By using powdered soap no rubbing or boiling will be required; rinse thoroughly in blue water. Have ready a cupful of hot water, to which has been added a sufficient quantity of dissolved gum arabic to make it feel sticky; put in the lace and squeeze out. Spread out upon a cloth as nearly as can be in correct shape, and dry quickly either before a fire or in the sun. When nearly dry finish putting it into shape; when quite dry iron on both sides, and it will look new.



A COMFORTABLE SLEEVELESS JACKET.

Materials required:—About five ounces of single Berlin wool—white, if required for an underbodice; if not, of some good serviceable color, such as brown, navy blue or black. A pair of knitting needles, No. 11.

Cast on 56 stitches, and knit 109 plain rows. At the end of the 109th row cast on 56 more stitches, and now knit 86 rows.



WILD ROSE PATTERN.

At the beginning of the 87th row cast off 56 stitches, and knit 109 rows on the 56 stitches that remain.

Cast off.

You thus have a straight piece of knitting, which is as wide again in the middle as at the ends.

Fold the wide piece down flat upon the other portion of the work, take the casting-on end, fold that to meet the other stitches which are cast on, and set both rows of cast-on stitches together. The open space which you will see at the side is for one arm-hole.

Fold the cast-off end in precisely the same manner, and sew it up.

Next open the work, and notice that the seams come at the back; the middle of the top of the straight piece of knitting forms the back of the neck. Curl it down a little in a circular fashion, and secure it with a few stitches, and it makes a neat little collar. Sew four or five buttons on the left-hand side, and make four or five loops to correspond on the right-hand side, and the jacket is really completed. It is, however, an improvement, if it is wished to make it a little more attractive, to work a simple crochet edging all round it.

(Continued from page 12.)

50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 354.—Milkmaid. Skirt of scarlet cashmere, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. Overskirt of scarlet, figured with black. Black velvet corselet with gold braid. Blouse and fichu of white lawn. Pattern, waist and corselet, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

FANCY DRESSES.

(Illustrated on page 16.)

Fig. 355.—Pierrette. Waist of black chenille dotted net over scarlet taffeta. Scallopéd berthé of scarlet satin, with bell on each scallop. Skirt with long ribbon streamers edged with bells. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 356.—Fruit girl. Waist of scarlet velvet. Skirt of figured scarlet and white silk. Apron of white lawn. Sleeves of figured silk edged with chiffon ruffles. Hat trimmed with fruit and vegetables. Basket filled with same. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 357.—Japanese. Kimona of white silk appliquéd with vari-colored poppies. Bands of black velvet embroidered with gold. White silk sash embroidered with black and gold. Pattern, costume, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 358.—Carmen. Blouse of white mousseline de soie. Bolero of black velvet, embroidered with gold. Skirt of yellow satin trimmed with black velvet bands embroidered with gold. Black velvet overskirt. Yellow sash with multi-colored stripes. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESSES.

(Illustrated on page 18.)

Fig. 359.—Costume 1800, of embroidered crêpe de chine. Fichu of white Liberty silk edged with ruffle. Long silk mitts. Straw hat trimmed with ribbon. Pattern, costume, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 360.—Chef de cuisine, boy's costume, of white butcher linen. Miniature frying pan at side, ladle in hand. Pattern, suit, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 361.—Butterfly. Costume of white mousseline de soie, shirred at waist and around décolleté. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 362.—Great-grandmother costume. Deep yoke of ecru embroidery or lace, to which the skirt of organdy or soft silk is gathered. Short puff sleeves. Sash of the dress material. Felt bonnet trimmed with ostrich tips. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

OUTDOOR COSTUMES.

(Illustrated on page 20.)

Fig. 363.—Frock of blue cashmere. Blouse waist. Yoke of pale-blue dotted panne, edged with dark-blue velvet. Velvet stock collar. Sleeves trimmed at shoulders with velvet and gold buckles. Box-plaited skirt trimmed with three rows of narrow velvet ribbon. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 364.—Frock of accordion-plaited taffeta in Russian blouse effect. Yoke of

(Continued on page 16.)



GIRLS' FANCY DRESSES.

(Described on page 12.)

The House Wife



ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPING.

"Economy," says Ruskin, "no more means saving money than spending money. It means spending and saving, whether money or time or anything else, to the best possible advantage." If you want to exercise this kind of economy, which is true economy in the fullest sense of the word, you must cultivate one habit; without which economy is impossible; this is the habit of forethought.

To plan the spending of money before they go out to make their purchases is too much trouble for some women, and to keep within the limits of a fixed weekly allowance for housekeeping purposes appears a feat to the accomplishment of which they can never attain. Unless in the case of a person who is mentally deficient, any woman with the average amount of brains bestowed by nature on her sex can keep out of debt if she has a regular weekly allowance; but no matter how simple and inexpensive your tastes may be, housekeeping on a small income is not an easy matter, and it is doubly difficult for a girl who has been brought up in a comfortable home, where her mother or a housekeeper did the managing, her father wrote checks for the bills, and she had but the pleasant part to play of being "the sunshine of the house." When she is transplanted from a snug hot-house of this sort into the common kitchen garden of the everyday life lived by a poor young man's wife, she will find the change indeed a wilting one if she has not beforehand braced herself to encounter it by the tonic treatment of learning how to spend money judiciously.

Good housekeeping does not consist, as Rosamond Vincy thought it did, in "ordering the best of everything, because nothing else 'answered'"; it consists in getting the full value for your money, which is not as easy a matter to achieve as the happy folk who have never to go to market imagine it to be; it consists, as economy does, in "spending to the best possible advantage," and

this you cannot do without forethought.

If you go out on any shopping expedition without previously considering what you really need, you are almost certain to spend more money than you intended, and you are equally certain to buy things that you could quite well do without. Such spending is, perhaps, not of much consequence when one's income is big—at all events, it is good for trade; but when one's income is narrow, reckless expenditure, even of dimes, is a serious matter.

Spending and saving, it is well to remember, are very much influenced by one's temperament. Some people may be trusted to wander through the most tempting shops with an overflowing purse. They will feel no craving to buy unwisely—Nature has made them cool of judgment and level-headed. They will purchase what they need, but no intoxication of buying will ever seize them and make them purchase recklessly. Others there are who cannot be trusted in a country village if they have loose money about them—they will "burst it," if it be but on the veriest trash. If we take a little trouble to study our own idiosyncrasies, we will recognize this failing, and guard ourselves against the weakness we are liable to by not taking out more money than we are justified in spending when we are on shopping bent. Sydney Smith gave an excellent piece of advice on this subject: "When you are going to buy anything, first ask yourself whether you want it, then whether you can do without it."

But of all the royal roads for keeping out of debt, the most royal is the apparently simple plan of paying ready money. I say "apparently simple," because this plan often involves the difficulty of self-denial. If we can only have what we pay for with money actually in hand, we shall probably have to do without many things that we would like to have, but which we can very well manage to do without. If, however, there is the easy assurance that this and that can "go down in the bill," which can be paid at some indefinite future day, the weak nature succumbs to the temptation of obtaining the wished-for thing; and so the ball of debt rolls silently on, until it perhaps becomes an avalanche, bringing disaster with it.

To the girl unaccustomed to household management, the paying of all her bills regularly every week is very irksome, but it is excellent discipline. It is not easy work at first. Time and again she will find at the end of the week that she has exceeded her allowance; but if she is brave and determined this will be, not a subject to wail about, but a useful lesson. She will save next week to make up the deficiency, and with experience will come the ability to make the ends meet every week, without allowing the bills to overlap.

THE APPLE OF PARIS



Preventing the hair from falling out is better than all remedies that are supposed to promote the growth of the hair. It is only natural that every woman and every man, too, for that matter, wishes to have a luxuriant head of hair, and those who are fortunate enough to be endowed with such by Nature wish to keep it as long as they can. It is most surprising how often, as if by magic, the hair begins falling out without any apparent cause, and yet the reason for this may only too frequently be found at the hairdresser's.

The same implements, the same towels, the same white wraps put around the shoulders, are continually used throughout the whole day and only too often day after day before being put into the tub, and it is entirely natural that the hair of so many people clinging to these should leave some impurities that are only too liable to be transferred to the next customer.

The falling out of the hair is caused by a tiny white microbe that vegetates on the scalp and is the reason of the hair falling out in patches. These microbes are very contagious and will adhere not only to the combs and brushes, but to all implements used by hairdressers, and also to their hands unless these are carefully washed before attending to a new customer. The brushes especially are carriers of all manner of things: particles of dandruff, scaly or greasy, and countless other impurities are transferred from head to head by these means. Everyone's common sense should tell them this, and yet how few pay any heed to it.

The easiest way out of this predicament is, of course, to take one's own comb, brush, etc., to the hairdresser or have the latter come to the house, and if neither of this is

possible, then the next best thing to do is to wash the head with tepid water and an antiseptic soap as soon as possible.

HOW TO HAVE A BEAUTIFUL NECK.

A beautiful neck beautifully dressed makes a woman look fairer and younger than any other toilet dressing, and the majority of women know it, and their worry is greater on this score than any other in the beautifying line.

There is a way—in fact, there is always a way when a woman wills—and a little patience and perseverance will make the ugliest neck not beautiful always but presentable.

"Gymnastic movements for developing the muscles of the neck," says a well known beauty expert, "are: 1. Slowly but firmly bend the neck forward until the chin nearly touches the neck; then gradually raise the head. 2. Slowly but firmly bend the head backward as far as you comfortably can. Repeat this movement twenty times. 3. Bend the head sideways to right twenty times and to the left the same number of times. 4. Roll the head slowly to the right, then to the left, twenty times."

After these exercises the neck should be bathed in warm water and olive oil soap and rubbed with a warm towel. Follow this by anointing the neck with retiring cream, and if persisted in, the fair patient will soon be rewarded by being the proud possessor of a beautiful, white neck.

EYEBROW AND EYELASH GROWER.

Red vaseline, two ounces; tincture cantharides, one-eighth ounce; oil of lavender, oil of rosemary, fifteen drops each. Apply to the eyebrows with a tiny tooth brush once a day until the growth is sufficiently stimulated; then less often.

This ointment may be used for the eyelashes also. In this case it should be very carefully applied. It will inflame the eyes, as any oil will, if it gets into them.

How to get BEAUTY How to Keep It.

It is woman's duty to preserve her charms, but unscrupulous manufacturers are the destroying demons. Our preparations are imported and have passed the rigid analysis of the Royal Board of Austria. We furnish analytical proof of purity.

This magic restorer was purchased for Water of \$5,000 from a grand-dame of Vienna Persia. whose complexion at 65 was that of a child. It fills out the hollows, removes wrinkles and leaves the complexion clear and brilliant. Price, \$1.00.

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Woman's Progress Excels in purity, fineness, Violet Face Powder. durability and invisibility all others you have ever used. 50c.

This liquid is invisible, does not dry the skin as does powder, and will not rub off with profuse perspiration. It is universally used by Viennese beauties. 50c.

Ladies invited to call, inspect, consult our specialists.

Woman's Progress Co., 32 E. 23d St., N. Y.

(Continued from page 14.)

velvet, edged with band of gold embroidery. Velvet belt. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 365.—Frock of figured brown suiting. Blouse of plaid cashmere. Bolero trimmed with tucks and buttons. Sleeves with plaid puffs. Skirt trimmed with folds in tucked effect. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 366.—Dress of rough-faced material. Blouse trimmed with velvet ribbon. Lace yoke trimmed with latticed black velvet ribbon and gold buttons. Berthe edged with fur. Skirt trimmed with velvet ribbon. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 367.—Dress of castor cloth. Blouse waist. Yoke and vest of cream lace. Collar trimmed with velvet ribbon and fur. Sleeves of same materials. Skirt trimmed with fur and velvet ribbon. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

CLOTH DRESSES.

(Illustrated on page 22.)

Fig. 368.—Russian blouse suit of biscuit cloth. Yoke of braided taffeta trimmed with cloth fold and edged with berthe. Rosette and sash of sapphire-blue velvet. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 369.—Frock of tan broadcloth. Blouse of tan velvet. Bolero trimmed with stitching, fastens with tabs and button in front. Skirt trimmed with stitching. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 370.—Frock of rough-faced green material. Blouse trimmed with straps, buttons and embroidery. Horizontal ruffles of material edged with beige taffeta. Sleeves have beige taffeta puffs. Skirt with same garniture. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 371.—Dress of plaid suiting. Blouse of tucked taffeta. Bolero with scalloped fronts edged with taffeta and braid. Plain skirt. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 372.—Dress of royal-blue satin cloth. Blouse waist with cream satin revers, trimmed with gold soutache and gold buttons. Lace collar. Sleeves of lace and cloth. Skirt with plaited flounce headed with lace insertion. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

CHILDREN'S FROCKS.

(Illustrated on page 24.)

Fig. 373.—Frock of white veiling. Plaited blouse mounted on a square yoke trimmed with velvet ribbon and edged with lace. Skirt tucked lengthwise in clusters. Velvet belt. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 374.—Frock of pale-blue taffeta tucked lengthwise in front. Yoke entirely tucked and edged with scalloped berthe trimmed with lace and black velvet baby ribbon. Belt trimmed with ribbon and gold buckles. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 375.—Frock of pale-pink cashmere with embroidered black dots. Yoke of tucked taffeta. Berthe of black velvet with two points of plain stitched cashmere in front. Sleeves have taffeta puffs and narrow velvet cuffs. Velvet sash. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

(Continued on page 18.)



FANCY DRESSES.

(Described on page 14.)



FAIRY TALES AS EDUCATIONAL FEATURES.

REGARDING the value of fairy tales the greatest difference of opinion reigns. Some object to them for the reason that they treat of things utterly impossible, and declare that the tendency toward superstition and prevarication is fostered. Others deny them all ethical value, and now and then we hear the worried question whether it is right to feed the impressionable mind of a credulous child with fantastic pictures, such as never did and never will exist.

At all times fairy tales have met with the greatest interest and have always been considered elements of culture, mirroring as they do the instincts of the popular multitude. In order to show their great, moral value let us, for instance, carefully analyze one of the best known stories, "Little Red Ridinghood."

We can divide it into four great scenes, each of which in itself forms a strong and moral sermon, couched in powerful and affecting words. The first scene shows us the mother instructing little Red Ridinghood to take bread and wine to her grandmother, who lives in the woods. The child strays from the path she should have followed, lured by the bright flowers, that lead her on and on and cause her to entirely forget her duty. This scene illustrates to us that there is a path marked out for each one, the narrow path of duty, which it is not always our pleasure to follow. We look around and on all sides find most alluring temptations, that induce us to forsake the straight way of duty and wander along the path beset with glittering snares.

Second scene: At the very same moment when the flowering splendor of the forest exercises its magnetic influence over Red Ridinghood she meets the wolf. How harmless and how guileless is his look, and how well does he succeed in veiling the innate depravity of his nature! The wolf is synonymous with evil, and shows in how polished a way this can be presented to us.

Red Ridinghood is at first alarmed, but finding the wolf apparently harmless, she trusts him.

What does this illustrate?

Just at the moment when man is satisfied and happy, the tempter is busily engaged in dragging his victim deeper and deeper into the ruinous abyss and stifling his sense of duty.

Third scene: In the midst of all these splendors Red Ridinghood suddenly pauses. Her thoughts take another direction. Like a flash her sense of duty, her grandmother, comes back to her mind. She throws the flowers away, and fear lends swiftness to her feet. She soon regains the right path and reaches her goal. What do we learn from this? No matter how erring and how wicked human nature may be, the hour surely comes in which the conscience awakens and atonement follows.

Fourth scene: That the wolf still retains power and supremacy is soon revealed. Directly Red Ridinghood crosses the threshold she meets the same fate as her grandmother. The wolf in the mean time exults at his victory, until the hunter comes, destroys the wolf and liberates Red Ridinghood and her grandmother. Thus the good always triumphs over evil, and we are taught that evil often apparently has the upper hand until the good and noble qualities break forth with elementary force and vanquish evil.

Many similar instances could be cited where these simple fairy tales point to high morals and truth, where to be obliging, self-sacrificing, modest, quiet, apt at work and pure at heart are praised as the ideal possessions of mankind. "Strength and character of morality" is the first rule of "Herbart's Principles of Ethics."

Beauty is Morality's younger sister. Through the portals of beauty you shall enter the land of Discernment and Understanding. Awaken the sense for the æsthetic and a mighty stride toward morality is made. There is nothing that is better adapted to rouse the senses of beauty and æstheticism in children than fairy tales. They aim not alone to show virtues, but also to illustrate that these virtues always take the form of the beautiful without anything loud or showy about it. And not alone do fairy tales always point a moral, but their glowing descriptions of Nature are well adapted to

inculcate a warm feeling and love for the beauties of vegetation and Nature in general. The thought of the reawakening of Nature is allegorically shown in "The Sleeping Beauty." The latter, aroused to life by the passionate kiss of love, illustrates how Spring and the ardent kisses of the Sun wake the Earth from her long Winter sleep and lead her forward to a happy, joyful festival.

The æsthetic value is also illustrated in the language, which, poetical and fanciful, is adapted to the child's intellectual conception. Of surpassing beauty are the lands of the Fairy Kingdom, and, aside from the glowing, magic splendor that lies over the whole, like a delicate, gauzy veil, are well adapted to awaken and to nurture in the heart of a young child the love for the beautiful and the noble. They are pervaded with the same spirit of purity that looks out at us from the trusting, loving eyes of an innocent little one. Fancy and imagination in both are without bounds, are entirely unfettered by reason or perspicacity. The very nature of fairy tales proves to us that they neither wish nor want to know anything of the common laws of reality. Just so the child. It will credulously listen to the story of Red Ridinghood because it has no discernment of the real and cannot distinguish between this and mere imagination, although having the liveliest imagination itself. The mingling of the real and the ideal has a peculiar power over the mind, and is in truth the child's world, entirely ideal in its conception.

The idea that we can best develop a child's faculties by relating the so-called "moral" tales to it is altogether erroneous. As a rule, they are shallow, with a poverty of fancy that contains nothing attractive and is not at all suited to make an impression on a childish heart. The reigning power of a child's soul is imagination and nothing that does not awaken this will be taken to heart. The wonderful is a necessity, and anything that is related with cold, hard, matter of fact words will be absolutely unheeded.

Let the children be children as long as it is in our power to keep them so, and let us remember that the advancing years will bring a calm development and a healthy mind that easily finds its way out of the labyrinth of the Fairy Kingdom. And the child is certain to be the gainer. Not alone will its heart be filled with golden memories of a childish paradise that will always touch a responsive chord, no matter how advanced in years it grows, but it will have nurtured the capability for thoughts that rise high above the every-day realities.

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The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, to which they have given the descriptive name of "KILL-ALL-HAIR," shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent free of charges, to any lady who will write for it, and say she saw the offer in this paper. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the discovery is; the evidence of your own senses will then convince you that the treatment, "KILL-ALL-HAIR," will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or neck of women.

Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending two stamps for mailing.

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Madame Ruppert guarantees that the treatment is not only harmless, containing no poisonous ingredients, but is a most pleasant, agreeable and safe treatment. In order to convince the many thousands who are suffering from thin hair and diseased scalps, she voluntarily offers to send to any of these on receipt of four cents in stamps a trial of the Life to Hair treatment; which will be sufficient to show you its great merits. Send in your request with two two-cent stamps promptly for a free trial and you will be well repaid. Address

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(Continued from page 16.)

Fig. 376.—Russian blouse suit of cream white albatross, trimmed with braid, stitching and small gold buttons. Bishop sleeves. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 377.—Frock of accordion-plaited taffeta. Blouse waist mounted on yoke of batiste lace. Velvet berthe incrustated with lace. Sleeves of same combination. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

LITTLE GIRLS' DRESSES.

(Illustrated on page 26.)

Fig. 378.—Dress of dotted cashmere. Blouse waist tucked lengthwise. Yoke, cuffs and belt of plaid taffeta. Berthe trimmed with folds in tuck effect. Box-plaited skirt. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 379.—Frock of pale-blue veiling. Blouse waist mounted on tucked yoke, and trimmed with lace insertion and velvet ribbon. Sleeves shirred at top, tucked from elbow to waist, with puffs at elbows. Blouse and skirt shirred at waist. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 380.—Dress of silk-striped material. Waist arranged in box-plaits. Yoke and vest of braided taffeta. Latticed velvet ribbon and gold buttons. Berthe and bretelles of velvet with gold soutache. Sleeves with shaped taffeta cuffs. Plain skirt. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 381.—Dress of white India silk. Blouse tucked horizontally. Yoke of tucked silk and lace edged with ruffle. New sleeves. Skirt gathered at waist. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.



SOME NOVELTIES.

On some of the velvet toques is an original feather trimming of *heron argenté*, which is plaited and rolled in a fashion producing quite a serpent-like effect. The petit marquis is almost entirely made of velvet, with the upturned, three-cornered brim faced with light-colored grebe feathers.

One of the most original dresses was composed of castor taffeta. The corsage, plaited into a gold-embroidered belt, had a short bolero with a vest of white panne ornamented with straps of gold and blue embroidery. A similar trimming appeared on either side of the full redingote fashioned back, while the inlet straps of lighter silk round the hips were finished with darker silk stitching. The wide plaits of the skirt were strapped with gold braid and buttons.

A very chic tailor-made costume is of castor zibeline. The collar and the wide straps that form the garniture are of darker castor cloth, edged with a green velvet piping. Large gold buttons give a certain *cachet* to this dainty and becoming gown. This soft shade of castor is one of the most popular colorings of the season, and in velvet and panne, with mirrored surface, it is particularly pretty.

Velvet picture gowns made with the fullness falling in graceful godets from narrow tucks below the waist, have a narrow taffeta sash encircling the waist and falling in pointed ends in back. The corsage, stretched in perfectly fitting cross-wise folds, has a deep, pointed Louis XIII collar of guipure, ornamented with gold tassels in front.



CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESSES.

(Described on page 14.)

Correspondence



FOR the interest and benefit of our readers we will devote such space as may be found necessary to questions and answers appertaining to *Dress, Dressmaking, Millinery, the Toilet, Toilet Articles and Society Customs.*

SPECIAL NOTICE: Our readers are requested to send us suggestions or requests for fancy work that they would like illustrated and explained. All requests will receive attention as promptly as possible in our correspondence columns, and if sketches are sent us, drawings will be made and illustrated.

GENERAL RULES.—The following rules must be complied with by correspondents, otherwise their letters cannot be attended to:

1st.—Questions upon different subjects to be written on separate sheets of paper; write plainly and on one side of sheet.

2d.—All letters must give name and address of the writer, *not for publication*, as they will be printed with the answer to your questions.

3d.—Questions relating to dress should give personal description as to age, height, blonde, or brunette.

4th.—Answers cannot be sent by mail unless return postage is enclosed.

Miss E. D.—To polish a tortoise-shell comb apply a few drops of olive oil and rub long and thoroughly with a soft woolen cloth.

Mrs. T. J. V.—Ostrich pompons in white and black continue to be very desirable and are in immediate use, as well as promising very well for the first turbans, round hats and cavalier hats; in fact, pompon effects of all kinds are very stylish.

Mrs. S. L.—Tutti-Frutti Jelly: Soak one-half boxful of gelatine in one cupful of cold water for a couple of hours, then thoroughly dissolve in one pint of boiling water; add the juice and grated rind (only the yellow part) of two large or three small lemons, and allow to half cool, then strain. When it begins to set, pour a little in a mold and add a layer of fruit cut in slices—peaches, bananas, oranges, white grapes halved and seeded, and nuts, or anything that will look pretty and taste good; then pour in more jelly and add another layer or fruit, continuing these layers until the mold is filled. The jelly must be kept from hardening while waiting for preceding layers to harden by standing the vessel containing it over warm water or on the very back of the stove. Egg Lemonade.—Beat one egg and one tablespoonful of sugar together until light, add the juice of one small lemon and one small tumblerful of water and beat again. Now strain into a lemonade-shaker half filled with shaved ice, shake, and pour into a lemonade glass.

Mrs. D. C.—Flesh can be healthfully reduced only by dieting, exercise, daily baths, and plenty of fresh air. Shun all pastries and sweets, which are the chief fleshmakers. Do not sleep more than six hours, and take as much gymnastic exercise as your time permits. There is nothing like hard work to reduce flesh.

Miss Ella B.—Cucumber Milk for-

mula: Oil of sweet almonds, 4 oz.; fresh cucumber juice, 10 oz.; white Castile soap, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz.; essence of cucumbers, 3 oz.; tincture of benzoin, 36 drops.

The juice is procured by slicing the cucumbers and boiling in a little water. The more cucumbers used the stronger the juice will be. Make the essence by combining the juice with an equal part of alcohol. Dissolve the soap in the essence, add the juice, then the oil very slowly, and, lastly, the benzoin.

Débutante.—A spangled net gown would be inappropriate for a girl of eighteen years. Select some soft, sheer fabric—organdy, mousseline de soie, silk, mull or point d'esprit—and develop it by some simple, attractive mode.

Fancy Work.—A woman much given to fancy work has contrived a work-bag and apron combined that is worth copying. It is made from a piece of silkolene two yards long and a yard and a half wide. The end across the width is folded together to meet and stitched down, forming a cornucopia bag. The rest of the piece is left untouched except the hem across the other end. When at work, materials, wools, etc., are kept in the pouch, while the wide piece of the apron is spread easily across the lap and up around the waist, to be tucked in at the belt. The apron serves also as a wrapper in which to roll the work when ready to put away. The light, thin material takes up little room, and serves every purpose of bag and apron.

Housekeeper.—The delicacy of olive oil as a frying medium is somewhat counterbalanced in the minds of many housekeepers by its alleged expense. But oil, like lard, may be used a number of times. It should be poured off carefully after being allowed to stand a moment in order that any dregs may settle at

the bottom. Like lard, if fish is fried in it, that supply should be kept to fry fish only.

Mrs. A. S.—You certainly must not continue to take your cold bath in the morning, it cannot be agreeing with you, if you feel so very cold and shivery afterwards; instead have the water tepid, or take a warm bath at night, and only rub yourself down with a damp towel in the morning. If you rub vigorously you will feel a warm glow all over the body. I think that your circulation cannot be very good. You should wear flannel undergarments. You must have plenty of exercise, and drink milk, cream also if it does not make you feel bilious, and have twice a day a glass of Burgundy. (2) Those pimples between the shoulders are very irritable, I know. One of the most frequent causes of their appearance is the difficulty of reaching that part of the back sufficiently well to give it enough friction to keep the pores open. Buy a long-handled bath brush; lather it well with soap; have the water as hot as you can bear it. Use this every night, frictioning the skin really quite hard, and then rub in, or, what will be better, ask somebody to rub in for you an ointment made up of: Sulphur, one drachm; benzoated lard, one ounce. To avoid constipation take regularly the Carlsbad Salts.

F. F., Port au Prince.—In this number of PICTORIAL REVIEW you will find several pages of fancy dresses, from which you will no doubt be able to make a selection, and in compliance with your request, we publish the following directions and recipes for cocktails:

Cocktails.—A mixing glass should be half filled with shaved or finely cracked ice, the bitters dashed upon it, and the liquor added as directed. A lemon peel should be twisted over the whole and dropped into it; adding lemon peel after straining gives too strong and oily a flavor; it should never be done. Then stir, strain into a cocktail glass, and serve immediately. If the recipe says *shake*, the mixture should be shaken in a glass covered by the shaker, then strained as before.

Manhattan Cocktail.—Two dashes of Peychaud bitters, half a jigger of Italian or French vermouth, one-half jigger of whiskey and a piece of lemon.

Martini Cocktail.—Three dashes orange bitters, half a jigger of tom gin, half a jigger of Italian vermouth and a piece of lemon peel.

Soda Cocktail.—One teaspoonful of fine sugar, one lump of ice, three dashes of Peychaud bitters, one piece of lemon peel, one bottle of club soda.

Champagne Cocktail.—Put into a long, thin glass one lump cut-loaf sugar saturated with Boker's or any bitters, a fair-sized piece of lemon peel; fill the glass with very cold champagne.



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OUTDOOR COSTUMES.

(Described on page 14.)



Social Observances and Etiquette.

A POINT OF ETIQUETTE.

SMALL points of etiquette are often more perplexing than are greater ones, for the simple reason that forethought is given to the one, and none to the other.

For instance, many of our correspondents appear to be in doubt upon a very simple matter, viz., "when to rise" and "when to remain seated." These doubts are particularly apparent at home days, at receptions, at afternoon calls, and when visiting the houses of friends, and occur in this wise: A hostess is talking to one visitor, another is announced, the first visitor is in doubt as to whether she should rise at this juncture or whether she should remain seated, and as a sort of compromise she half rises from her seat, thinks better of it, and reseats herself; mentally asking herself whether she has done the right thing or not. Actually, if the last arrival is a stranger to her she should take no notice of her approach, and should neither rise nor attempt to do so; if acquainted with her, however, after her hostess has shaken hands and said a few words, she should rise and come forward to do likewise.

Again, when an introduction is made between two ladies, should the one who is seated rise to acknowledge it? is an ever recurring question. On the fact of it, to rise immediately would be an awkward thing to do; therefore, after the bow of acknowledgment has been given, it would not be necessary to rise unless the two ladies entered into conversation, when to rise would be imperative.

Another pertinent question on the subject of "rising" is with regard to the entrance of the host. Usually there is not time to do this, more especially when only one or two ladies are present, as he makes his way to shake hands with them at once before giving them an opportunity of coming forward to meet him. It is otherwise at a crowded at home, where he could not well seek out all his wife's guests, and therefore any of the ladies present who are acquainted with him could rise for the purpose of shaking hands with him if opportunity offered. Rather a foolish question comes to us now and again, that is, should a visitor rise on the departure of another who is a stranger to her, and while the hostess is bidding her "good-bye." There can be no pos-

sible reason for rising under such circumstances, and even if an introduction has taken place, a bow, while seated, would be all-sufficient recognition. On the other hand, when friends are leaving, to rise and shake hands with them is quite correct, always providing there is an opportunity and a wish so to do. Young men are sometimes in doubt as to what is expected of them with regard to rising when a lady is announced. It may be said that if a man calling at a house is talking to his hostess when such is the case, he should rise at once, as he could not remain seated while the two ladies were standing, but if, on the contrary, a good many visitors were present he would not interrupt his conversation with the lady to rise at the entrance of others unless he noticed that his seat would be a convenience to any one of them.

The hostess makes a point of rising to receive her visitors as they arrive, unless she is a very elderly lady, or unless the gentlemen calling are such old and intimate friends that they hardly allow her time to do so, while in the case of very young men she allows them to come up to her where she is seated, rather than break off a conversation to go forward and greet them. On the departure of her visitors she should rise to shake hands with the ladies as a matter of course; but as regards the gentlemen she may pay them the compliment or not, as she thinks best. To rise is ceremonious or not, according as to who the visitor is and to the motive that actuates her—that is to say, she may rise to take leave in a punctilious manner, or she may rise that she may say a few friendly words before bidding him "good-bye." Then, too, she may not rise on account of his being so much at home at the house that to do so would be a superfluous civility.

When visitors are staying at a house they are frequently in doubt in this matter of rising. For example, when a call is made upon a hostess, and only a visitor is present, should she rise or remain seated until the hostess joins them? Unless she offers to go in search of the hostess, she should remain seated while making some remark as to the immediate appearance of the lady in question and others of a like nature; and even should her hostess introduce her, it would not be necessary to rise in response to the introduction, neither need she do so when the departure takes place. The same may be said of luncheon guests with whom the visitor is not acquainted. She should not rise when they are announced or when an introduction is made. The exception to the fore-

going is when either of the ladies is related to the hostess, in which case to rise and shake hands when the introduction is made would be the right thing to do.

Miss D. S., N. Y.—It is much better to send your letter of introduction after you arrive in the city, and it would be very foolish for you to take them yourself. New Yorkers are proverbially careless about letters of introduction, so you must not be surprised if you do not receive an answer to each and every one of your letters within twenty-four hours. The people to whom letters are sent will, if they are disposed to be hospitable, call or write you within a short time, but it is not for you to make the first advance. If by chance you are not to be in the city any length of time you can send your letter in advance and ask your friend or friends to enclose your address and say you will only be in town for a limited space of time.

Mrs. F. D. M., Chicago.—It is supposed that a girl is eighteen when she is formally introduced to society, as any girl younger than that is still classed among school girls. There is no stated age for a young man to make his debut in social life, but from the time boys enter college they are included in the list of guests at the older dancing classes and even before they leave college receive invitations for formal entertainments, such as dinners, dancing and many of the private balls. Indeed, it is said that society nowadays consists of very young boys and quite elderly men—the ages between not being at all well represented.

Miss F., Conn.—It is customary for a bride to carry white flowers, but in these days brides do very often carry out their individual ideas rather than follow the regular conventional rule. The idea of having a small spray of orange blossoms in the wedding bouquet is supposed to bring good luck, and is very pretty besides. It is most unusual for the wreath of orange blossoms in the hair to be made entirely of real flowers, but for sentiment and luck's sake both you can twist in a small spray of the real flowers with the artificial ones, for artificial orange blossoms so closely resemble the real that it is almost impossible to tell them apart.

Mrs. A. W., New York.—It is not at all necessary for a young man to call upon the guests who were present at his mother's entertainment, whether they are friends of his or not—that is, he does not need to call in consequence of the entertainment. But it is necessary for the guests to call upon the young man's mother after the entertainment. All such invitations, whether accepted or declined, require a call. If you are invited to any entertainment, day or evening, it is expected that you will call as soon after as possible. Dinner calls require to be paid within the week. This is a most stringent rule.

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CLOTH DRESSES.

(Described on page 16.)



THE HOME DRESSMAKER

CONDUCTED BY M^{LE}. PRATIQUE.

HOW TO MAKE THE LATEST FIVE-GORED SKIRTS.

SKIRTS need quite as skillful manipulation as bodices, and no set rule can be given, for the simple reason that they vary in style and and fabric. It is impossible to touch upon every point or defect that may arise in the operation of making a skirt and, consequently, only the most important parts can be commented upon.

A good firm lining is of the utmost importance, silk, percaline, French cambric and lightweight silesias being generally employed. A good quality of sateen also makes an acceptable lining, aside from the many new linings that spring up from time to time and find their advocates. Taffeta is universally employed for lining, although it is generally admitted that it does not wear well and cracks after having been put on only a few times. It does not by far attain the wearing qualities of grosgrain.

To make a five-gored skirt, such as is illustrated herewith, from two and one-half to two and three-quarters yards of material fifty-four inches wide are required, the skirt measuring twenty-four inches waist, forty inches length and forty inches around the hips. Seams are allowed on all our patterns.

Diagram 2 shows how the pattern is placed on the material. The center of the front gore is placed on the fold of the goods, the side gore is placed as shown, the edge with the two perforations running decidedly on the bias. The back gore is placed again differently. The edge with two perforations is placed on the selvedge of the goods, and the center-back seam is bias. As the material is not wide enough a triangular piece has to be cut separately and sewed to the back gore, the straight edges of both back gore and gusset being joined and the seams pressed open. This will give shape to the gore and will make the center-back seam a direct bias. The perforated lines of the back gore must be carefully marked on the cloth, either with chalk or wheel, as they are the marking lines for the plaits.

The lining of the skirt is cut first. The center-front of the pattern is laid on the fold of the lining. After this is cut out the lining is opened and one end folded over to the other end. Now place the side-gore with its straight edge on the selvedge, and the straight edge of the back-gore is placed on the opposite selvedge. At times it is found necessary to piece a lining. If so, be sure to allow for seams when cutting out. Lap the two edges that are to be joined one over the other and pin them together, then with the tracing wheel mark near the edge through both pieces, so that when unpinning it, the width of the seam is clearly visible. The latter should be pressed open, after joining.

The majority of lining skirts are all made on the drop skirt idea and are finished separately. It is a good plan to fell the seams of the lining, or run them through a hemmer, unless one wishes to make a French seam. It is optional whether haircloth is used in the drop skirt or not, some preferring a narrow band and others, again, wanting none. For a



Dia. 1.

street skirt is is perhaps best to have a narrow band of haircloth in the *drop skirt* only, as it will be found very convenient in walking.

If haircloth is used, the edges must be bound with lining to prevent them from cutting through the material. In joining the haircloth lap the selvedges, and sew together with short basting stitches. Do this smoothly, and press well to avoid seams showing on the outside fabric. The stiffening is basted to the foundation and then a strip of the silk or of other lining is placed over the haircloth.

The same procedure is followed where lining and outside material are joined in the same seams. The outside material is basted smoothly and evenly to the foundation or lining, and under no circumstances must the outside be fuller than the lining, as this will show in puckers along the seams. Then baste the various gores together, stitch and press open the seams, the edges of which are then bound, overcast or pinked.

Be very careful not to draw the binding or the thread of the overcasting, as this will draw up the edges.

An error, which often arises, is that the seams will not meet evenly top and bottom. This defect is due to careless cutting and measuring and can never be remedied without taking the skirt apart.

Never hold a bias edge taut when basting it to a straight edge.

When two bias edges are joined in one seam, a stay tape or strip of lining must be sewed in with the seam to prevent stretching.

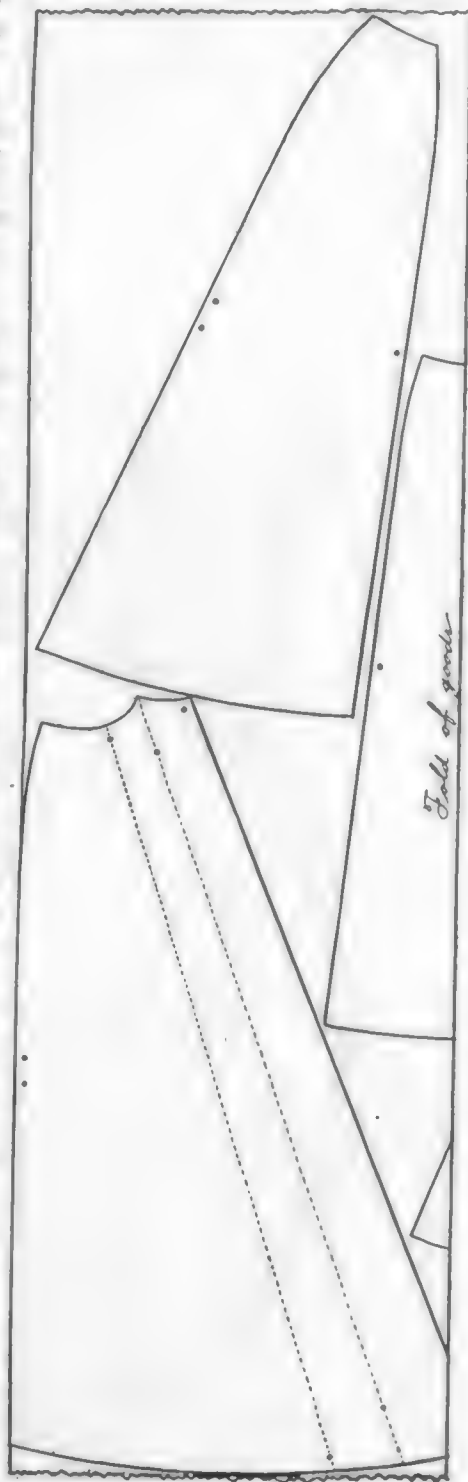
After the seams are all joined the plaits are arranged in back, the line with the heavy dot near the top, toward the inside of the gore, being laid over to the bias edge, which, with the other side, similarly arranged, forms the inverted plait. The side-gores overlap the front and are trimmed with stitching, which also appears around the lower edge. The placket is put at the left, underneath the overlapping gore, and closes either with patent fasteners or with invisible hooks and eyes. It is made ten inches in length.

The skirt is now ready for the waistband, which is usually made of lining and the fabric. It is cut straight and on the lengthwise of the goods, from one-half to one inch in width and two inches longer than the waist measure. Both materials are joined at the upper edge, and the lining is placed against the inside of the skirt, the outside fabric of the belt being then lapped over to the right side and stitched or felled down to cover the raw edge. Or the material can be sewed on first and the lining felled over.

Another method of finishing the top of the skirt is to cord it. This cording is prepared by covering a strong cable cord of medium weight with a bias strip of thin material, silk preferred, and sewing it to the top of the skirt after the latter has been fitted to the proper size. A linen tape must be sewed along the edge to prevent stretching and to reinforce the cord.

The lower edge of the skirt may be finished in any preferred manner, either with velveteen or brush binding, or cording. Then, again, a soft leather binding may be employed, one edge of which is pinked and the other adjusted in the usual manner. This leather binding is to be preferred in so far that it does not become destroyed easily and is soft enough not to ruin the shoes.

All bindings should exactly match the color of the dress material.



Dia. 2.



CHILDREN'S FROCKS.

(Described on page 16.)



WHEN a son is born to a young couple in China there is great rejoicing in the family; congratulations are heard on all sides, presents of cakes and sweetmeats arrive in shoals, and the proud father exhibits his new-born son to an admiring crowd of relatives and friends.

He has now a male descendant to perpetuate the family name, to offer incense at the ancestral shrine, and to be the support and comfort of his declining years.

The advent of a daughter is, on the



contrary, looked upon rather as a misfortune than a blessing. The poor young mother is considered to have, in a measure, disgraced herself, or, at all events, grievously disappointed her husband and kinsfolk. "It is only a girl," says everybody, and because it does not happen to be a boy, the little new-comer is not wanted or welcomed by any one. She is not considered worth educating; the possession of a soul is even denied her, and, though she is taught some domestic duties, and the art of making her tiny shoes, and covering them and her bright-hued silk or cotton garments with lovely embroidery, her mind is left uncultivated. She can seldom either read or write; her intelligence being nearly as cramped as her poor little feet, and if, among the higher classes, she has no menial labor with which to occupy her time, she spends it chiefly before her mirror, daubing her face with glaring red and white paint, or dressing her hair in wonderful fashions, and adorning it with artificial flowers or gold or silver ornaments. Sometimes she learns to play on a kind of mandolin, but she must suffer much from ennui, and one can

hardly be surprised if she sometimes seeks to solace herself with the fumes of the opium pipe. She has no healthy outdoor pursuits, as a young lady in China is only allowed to take an airing in a curtained sedan-chair, or in a covered cart with a tiny window at the side. When she reaches a marriageable age she is disposed of like a bale of goods. A professional "go-between" is requisitioned by her parents, and this person engages to find a suitable "parti" for the hapless damsel, though sometimes her parents fix upon her future husband when she is still quite a child, and she does not (or, at all events, is not supposed to) catch a glimpse of him until the wedding-day.

The preliminaries having been arranged, a lucky day is chosen for the marriage, the bridegroom's family sending some silk for the wedding dress, also a piece of red cloth, a sum of money, five kinds of dried fruit, a goose and a gander, and a cock and a hen. Sometimes much handsomer presents are given, but, in any case, some of them have to be returned, as it is against the rules of etiquette to keep them all. The parents of the young lady also send presents to their daughter's fiancé, such as two very tall red candles painted with dragons and phoenixes, a pair of candle-sticks, some vermicelli, some silk for a coat, a red cap, a pair of satin boots, and a quantity of artificial flowers.

The day before the wedding a feast is given to the bride's friends, no one wearing mourning being invited to it, and then all the bridal finery is tried on. The next day the bride is gorgeously arrayed in scarlet silk, embroidered with dragons, and a thick veil is thrown over her face. She is carried to the bridegroom's house in a red sedan-chair, two men going before her bearing lighted candles, even though the sun may be shining brilliantly. Behind her is carried a huge red umbrella, while a band of music brings up the rear.

Crackers are let off outside the bridegroom's house, and when the bride reaches it, a little boy advances to the sedan-chair with a mirror, in order that the bride may have an opportunity of satisfying herself that she is looking her best before she enters the house.

I was once invited to a Chinese

wedding, and on arrival found the house full of the friends and relations of the happy (?) pair, chattering like so many magpies. As I entered, they all stopped talking suddenly, and gazed at me with great interest. I was then introduced to an old lady, the mistress of the house, who politely conducted me to the seat of honor. This was the bed, and in the underpart of it was a stove or oven, in which a fire could be lighted in cold weather, to keep the occupant warm! The old lady then brought me some tea, without any milk or sugar, in a small bowl or cup, minus a handle. While I sipped this delectable beverage and tried hard to look as if I enjoyed it, she and her friends put me through a regular catechism. What was my name? How old was I? What were my clothes made of, and how much did they cost? How was an English bride dressed? and so on. They were much surprised to hear that a young lady in my country wore a wedding dress of white, as that is the color used for mourning in China.

Presently the bride and bridegroom arrived, and the varied ceremonies of the day began; but as they lasted a long time, I did not stay for them all, but came away while the bride's hair was being dressed in the style in which, as a married woman, she was now to wear it.

One of the ceremonies consists of the bride and bridegroom stepping over a saddle placed on the ground; then their wrists are tied together with a piece of red cord, and they both take sips from a cup of wine.

Afterwards comes the supreme moment when the bride's veil is removed and her husband beholds her face for the first time! This must be a trying ordeal for both, the bride fearing lest she may not be acceptable to her lord and master, while the bridegroom, until then, does not know whether he has married a beauty or a fright! Still, he must smile and look happy, even if he discovers that his spouse is the unfortunate possessor of a broken nose or a squint. At the wedding breakfast or dinner which follows, though the bridegroom is allowed to eat as many good things as he pleases, the poor bride is not allowed to touch a morsel. She is, in fact, supposed to eat next to nothing on her wedding-day.

The wedding festivities usually last two days or more. On the first day after the marriage the male friends of the bridegroom are invited, and on the second the lady friends are requested to honor the feast with their presence. When the guests are assembled, the young couple kneel down before some tablets on which are inscribed the names of their an-

(Continued on page 27.)





LITTLE GIRLS' DRESSES.

(Described on page 18.)

A CELESTIAL WEDDING.

(Continued from page 25.)

cestors. If the grandparents are alive, the newly-married pair are expected to make obeisance before them, the parents, and, uncles, and aunts afterwards coming in for a share of the bowing. The god and goddess of the kitchen are next worshipped, as it is supposed that, having gone through this ceremony, the young wife will be endowed with the power of making dainty dishes to please her husband's palate.

On the third day after the wedding, the young couple visit the parents of the bride, but, as it is contrary to the rules of etiquette for them both to go together, the bride arrives first in her sedan-chair, which is carried right into the house, while crackers are let off to welcome her. On the bridegroom's arrival, he is regaled with three cups of tea and three pipes of tobacco, and after they have both worshipped the tablets of the ancestors of the bride, the young wife is carried off by her female relations to another room, where all the ladies feast together. Though some food is offered to the bridegroom, he is hardly expected to partake of any of it. He then goes home, leaving his bride to follow him when she has had a good chat with her mother.

On her return to her new home, which is generally also the abode of her husband's parents, the young wife has to treat her mother-in-law with the greatest humility and reverence, waiting upon her hand and foot, and giving way to her in everything. If she fails in her duty, or displeases the old lady in the least, the latter can even force her son to discard his wife.

It is considered highly improper for an outsider to ask a husband how his wife is, and if the latter has occasion to mention her to any one who does not belong to the family, he will call her "the mean one of the inner apartments." She is looked upon as almost a "negligible quantity" in the house, although she is treated with more consideration, and even gains a kind of reflected glory, if she has the good fortune to present her husband with a son.

A DISMAL OUTLOOK.

Flossie is 6 years old. "Mamma," she asked one day, "if I get married will I have a husband like papa?"

"Yes," replied the mother, with an amused smile.

"And if I don't get married, will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Kate?"

"Yes, Flossie."

"Mamma," she said, after a short pause, "it's a tough world for us women, ain't it?"

A TEST OF GOOD JAM.

"No, Tommie, dear, you don't get any more jam. Next time, when you have been a very good child, you get some more."

"Say, mother, do you think it will keep so long?"

THE PORTRAIT.

(Continued from page 11.)

—she loved him for his genius, for his mastery; she loved him for his admiration of her, she loved him because he had lifted her up from the depths and set her on a pedestal and restored her self-esteem. A woman requires but little to make her think herself beautiful, and Sara looked upon herself as, she imagined, did the painter. If she was beautiful in his eyes, that was the only beauty she cared for—she began to glory in herself, saying that what she had was better than beauty.

Soule worked slowly, and the sittings repeated themselves regularly for many nights. All day Sara looked forward to them, and every time she came to the studio door her heart beat tremulously. Her affections, lying waste for years, had yet piled themselves up like a miser's hoard; and now it was a magnificent treasure that stood ready to be squandered on the first who deigned to receive it. Her love was like a fire, raging furiously but contained by walls of adamant. Sometimes she nearly fainted in the effort to preserve a calm exterior.

Their intimacy had increased, and Sara poured forth the dull history of her life, with its disillusion and its drudgery. She could afford to remember it now; the recollection merely enhanced the ecstatic pleasure of her new existence. It pleased her that almost from the beginning the painter should have called her Sara; she loved her name and was proud of her Jewish origin; and he had neither asked her leave nor excused the familiarity. She felt that between them conventionality was doubly false, their relations throughout had been so unforced and frank that the restraints seemed unnecessary which ordinary persons put upon themselves. And for her to call him Dick was a pleasure so intense that she marveled at herself.

But what Soule felt towards her she could not tell. When the portrait was properly under way, he no longer made the compliments which by their intense sincerity had enchanted her. She fancied sometimes that it was merely as a model that he looked on her, and her heart sank with fear. But afterwards, when the evening's work was over, and he stood entranced by her playing, she reassured herself. She felt that she had never played so well; he inspired her as much as she inspired him, and she felt then that it was indeed herself, the woman of flesh and blood, the woman of the burning, passionate heart that attracted him. The idea came to her that he refrained from speaking only from extreme delicacy; the hour and the loneliness of their meeting forced upon the man the most scrupulous reserve, and Sara was grateful to him. "He'll wait till the picture is done," she told herself.

And then she asked when it would

be finished, hardly able to prevent the trembling of her voice at the question. She had respected his desire not to look till it was complete, and had not the least idea how the work was proceeding. She asked him that also.

"It's going all right. Don't be impatient."

"Are you satisfied?"

"It's the best thing I shall ever do, Sara; and it's not I who have done it, but you—you!"

Her love of glory now was all settled on Soule. What cared she for herself? Sufficient for her was it to cultivate his greatness; but her ambition for him was inordinate. When she was his wife she would do everything for him. She pictured herself clearing away every difficulty from his path, so that nothing might disturb his art. That was the chief thing, and she was content to be his handmaiden, to minister to his smallest needs, so that he might achieve the greatness that was his due. She felt capable of wringing from the world the laurels for his brow that it seemed unwilling to give.

But the trial was becoming too strong.

"I can't wait," she cried, as day passed after day, and he did not say the words she longed to hear. "I'm too weak and I've waited too long. I shall die if he delays much more."

She was impatient now that the picture should be finished. It seemed to her a probation that she was suffering. But when at last he put down his palette and came towards her, she almost fainted with emotion.

"It's finished!" he said, very quietly, and without another word took her hand and led her to the canvas.

Sara could scarcely walk.

They stood in front of the picture, and Sara looked at it for the first time.

"Good God!" she cried. "Am I like that?"

A sudden coldness shuddered through her and her heart seemed to stop still; then a blank despair seized her and caught her in the throat. Her knees trembled, so that she was afraid she would fall.

"I'm not like that!" she said; but the words did not issue from her mouth; she could utter nothing but a groan.

Richard Soule noticed nothing.

"By heaven," he said, "I can't help saying it. It's splendid!"

He had painted her sitting in just that tired attitude that in the stage she had naturally adopted, and her brown cloak was drawn about her in splendid folds, as if she were shivering with the cold; a slight shudder seemed indeed to tremble through the whole figure. The black skirt was muddy and stained by wind and weather, the boots were shabby and down at heel. The artificial light

(Continued on page 30.)

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THE NEW WOMAN.

"OR a New Woman," he said to himself, "the surroundings are distinctly old-fashioned," and then he added, with an irony, "and beautiful!"

And in very truth the woods of Ardern Manor, through which he passed, were lovely on this morning of the spring. Heavy masses of pearly-white mayblossom sparkled in the sunshine, cool drifts of bluebells spread away into the distance, under shimmering greenness of young fair leaves, while every here and there the delicate wood anemone lifted its pale face and the yellow cowslip sent forth its sweetness.

And overhead the birds sang gayly and well, with the fresh gladness of the spring in their music, and the little white-tailed rabbits hurried away to their homes by sheltering fern and undergrowth as the rapid footsteps sounded along the little path at the side of the long, elm-shaded drive leading to the Manor.

But Geoffrey Mortimer's face clouded a little as he walked along, and pondered on the lovely landscape, and the happy home that it might have led to.

The home at Ardern Manor was not quite happy in these days, though there reigned the loveliest of ladies fair, whose every wish was a law to her husband, he remembered, in the old time when things had been better. But Lady Sylvia had lost touch with the man—the good, true-hearted, kindly man—whom she had married; lost it when she first came under the influence of a curiously-balanced band, calling themselves Advanced Thinkers. And the rest of the story had been pathetically simple.

The new convert to Progressive Womanhood, with her sweetness, her simplicity, and her noble birth, to say nothing of her beauty, had been received with enthusiasm, and retained, with all the honors that the Association could give showered upon her, until it may be that the pretty head was somewhat dazzled with its sudden accession to leadership, and what passed among them for fame.

And the warnings, gentle at first, but growing more and more vexed and impatient, of the man she had married so short a time before went by unheeded, and were only laughed at, which made them and him more impatient and less forbearing towards his lovely wife, so childish in her youth and inexperience.

And now the rift within the lute had grown, and ever grown, until Lady Sylvia kept court at Ardern Manor amidst a goodly following of her satellites, and her husband went shooting "big game" somewhere in those regions where disappointment in the individual is apparently lost in the vastness of his surround-

ings. And Geoffrey Mortimer, the friend of the pretty bride, the school comrade of the bridegroom, sometimes thought to himself that he was the only link between that past which had promised so well and the present which was dragging out its slow day so wearily.

He came to see Lady Sylvia at times, feeling that where a variety of dismal minor poets and unsatisfied playwrights trod he might safely tread also, but he always went away sorry at heart for the chances missed, the opportunities vanished. And, as he crossed a woodland glade to take a short cut to the house, he thought to-day of his friend, the man who loved Lady Sylvia so dearly, and who was in exile for her sake. Foolish of him, wrong-headed of him, perhaps, but chivalrous in his intentions and bitter in his grief.

* * * * *

Lady Sylvia welcomed him warmly in the sweet rose garden, where she was gathering the purple and yellow pansies that blossomed under the budding boughs. She was very glad to see him, and she smiled away a few little worries that were disturbing her horizon as she talked to him on very mundane and everyday topics. Somehow, to-day she was a little distraught, a little out of touch with her *entourage*, and the advent of another personality made matters brighter.

To begin with, it was the spring-time, and on just such another spring day, with the mayblossoms tossing their scented garlands from every hedge, with the cowslips fragrant and golden in the meadows, and the sound of singing birds in the sky, had they been wedded in a quaint village church, with all the friends of her childhood near to wish her good luck.

She hated the spring, she said petulantly to herself, pulling the pansy-hearts to pieces in her slim fingers, and driving the rush of thoughts back to the treasure-house of her mind with an angry effort. And yet—and yet—the birds had gone on with their joyous song in the copse yonder, and the scent of the may had come over the cool meadows now as then.

And so when Mortimer came she welcomed him gayly, and was responsive to his cheery mood at once.

She had a number of people in the house, she told him presently, a tiny wrinkle coming on her white forehead at the thought of some of them, who were giving her a little trouble. Friends from London chiefly; she thought he had perhaps met some of them before. And he thought he had, too, and did not look forward to the reunion. But, as she talked, with the pansies in her hands, and the folds of her pretty blue gown trailing over the

soft grass by the rose bushes, the thought suddenly came to him that, if she had been foolish and provoking, her husband had been, and was now—now at this very moment—much more foolish and much more blind to remain away so long. He was older than his wife. He had more experience of the world. He should have allowed for her youthfulness, for the ardor which would burn itself out, and then have been ready to lead in places where she would surely have willingly followed, having learned once and for all her lessons of experience and self-control. But he had done nothing of the kind; had gone off in a passion, with angry words on his lips and bitter feelings in his heart. And his friend condemned him utterly.

The girl looked worried, he noticed, beneath the smiling gentleness of her demeanor. And he felt sorry for her, though his sense of impartiality bade him think that worries and attendant evils were only what she deserved.

However, he made two resolutions—one of which was to stay longer at Ardern than he had at first intended, and see how things were shaping themselves.

At lunch he met many of the Progressionists, and liked them less than before; and one very poetical-looking gentleman, who cast adoring glances at his hostess, which evidently annoyed her greatly, inspired in him the very earnest desire to expel him forcibly from the house. The meaning of that tell-tale wrinkle was very evident, and he was more sorry than ever for the girl, who found herself in a very awkward position, and almost unable to cope with it.

More than that, the poet was evidently much revered by the other sisters of the society, and his words were listened to with a rapture which filled Mortimer with disgust.

"Whatever happens," he said to himself, firmly, as the meal proceeded, "I shall tell her what I think afterwards, and then he shall know, and my duty will be done, if both of them quarrel with me for the doing of it." And so he finished his lunch in growing impatience of the attitudes of the poet, who appeared to have taken a dislike to his presence and determined to provoke him in some way. But Lady Sylvia's delicate cheeks flushed painfully as she recognized the hostility between the two men, and felt herself quite at a loss to heal the breach or mend matters at all. And at last Mortimer determined on a bold stroke, sorely vexed at what was evidently annoying his hostess so greatly, and yet above the perception of most of her guests.

She was talking nervously and hurriedly about some alterations that she had planned in the gardens, aided in a change of subject by one or two of the kindlier women, to

whom Mortimer breathed a wish of gratitude, when the poet again struck in with his opinion, quite unasked for and beyond the point. The girl flushed with gentle wrath and Mortimer deemed that his opportunity had come.

"That Long Walk was always your husband's favorite spot, Lady Sylvia," he said, very courteously and calmly, turning towards her; "and, when he returns, he will be so pleased to join in anything to make it still prettier, I am sure. We must compare our news as to his doings presently," he added, for the benefit of the company, and of the poet in particular, "before I tear myself away from the country, and trail back to the haunts of men again."

They were all sitting expectant, he knew, looking at Lady Sylvia, to see how she would take this reminder of past and present—bonds, as they would term it. For a moment she faltered, and grew very pale, and then the old love triumphed, and the memory of the past came like a rushing torrent and overwhelmed all else with its sweetness and its pain, and its thought of what might have been.

"Yes, Mr. Mortimer," she answered, looking at him very truthfully and bravely; "I shall wait until my husband returns, and I hope we shall make our changes together."

And Geoffrey Mortimer's second resolution to write to the man in the distance that very night underwent a change; but the change was only the replacement of a letter by a telegram.

"For it is now or never," he said, and then he spared a thought for the destruction of the poet's House of Pride.

* * * * *

The shadows fell over the cool glades of Ardern Manor, and the sunlight drifted away, as if weary with the sweetness of the day, from the still garden. The mayblossom and the bluebells had given place to roses, crimson and white, in the quaint rose-garden, and now they were almost gone, and the ruddy gold of autumn reigned over the land.

There were clusters of nuts in the hazels near the avenue, and yellow bracken, fringing with a shimmer of golden light the way through the woods.

And Lady Sylvia, alone in her pretty garden, gathered marguerites, and autumn poppies, and golden-rod from the bed under the old quince tree, and sighed for the summer that was gone, and the spring that seemed, oh! so long ago! She had got rid of the last of her undesirable friends—men and women alike. She had receded dreadfully in their opinion. She was leader in the ranks of the advanced women no longer; her aims and ambitions seemed much nearer at home, and much simpler, and more in earnest.

And even Mortimer had never come since that day when he had wakened a new hope and a new great longing in her heart. Perhaps he had no ground for the hope that he had held out to her. Perhaps it was only done in kindness, and to save her from her so-called friends. But, at any rate, he had planted the thought in her mind. And she had watched with anxious eyes, that grew more and more fully longing, day by day, for the coming home-ward of her lover—her sweetheart—her husband.

Yes, she realized now—now, when it might be all too late, what he, and he only, was to her, and the knowledge filled her heart with passionate pain, and her eyes with eager wistfulness and hope. And all through the long fair spring she had watched and waited, while the cowslips blossomed and the anemones flickered like little silver lamps in the breeze.

But the spring passed away into the distance, and the sweet summer-time came on, and again she watched and waited, while the roses breathed their perfume to the wandering wind, and the blue forget-me-nots lay like a sea of turquoise on either side of the Long Walk.

And still he did not come; and her heart grew heavy as the autumn gold lay on the fields, and the leaves turned slowly to their crimson glories for the sunset hour of the beautiful year.

And now she was gathering the last flowers in her garden alone, and the curfew tolled from the old church tower yonder, and the rooks were flying slowly across the sky to slumber-time once more. But suddenly there were footsteps on the mossy pathway of the old garden—footsteps that came quickly, and yet not quickly enough, seeing how long they had been waited for. Suddenly there were tender arms flung around the waiting figure there, in the stillness of the soft-eyed night, and tender lips that spoke all that the longing heart yearned to hear. And more—far, far more!

And the past is gone, with a mist of tears, like a day of fret and falling rain, and the morrow will wake golden as the summer land and long as the river of love itself.

And the song, in one happy heart, rings on ever and always: "He has returned, and love is here."

✻ ✻ ✻

"Every avenue to success is now open to you!" said Fate.

"And I haven't a decent street dress to my name!" faltered Woman, tears dimming her eyes.

The well-built young man likes to have the girl who is as pretty as a picture admire his frame.

A woman may think a rabbit's foot lucky, but she has no such opinion of crow's feet.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

There is no dearth of new things in the jewelry line. There are rings and pins and brooches galore, in such divers assortment that every degree of taste must needs be suited. The new metal is a green gold, exceedingly rich in finish. Rose, or Corinthian and Roman gold are also very popular. In the semi-precious stones, turquoise matrix is a high novelty. It is also antique in its suggestion, and, mounted in old-time settings in the Roman, Corinthian or green gold, it brings one back to the days of Antony and Cleopatra. A favorite design for a brooch is two serpents intertwined with the matrix setting. This is also effective for hat-pins or buckles. The hat-pin has developed into an article of rare beauty, evolving as much of the jeweler's taste and skill as any article of adornment. The turquoise matrix and pearl are the favored stones for hat-pins, and these are set off to great advantage by combinations with brilliants. Unique designs are tastefully executed, making an assortment of hat-pins a most beautiful and interesting collection. Stick-pins, lace-pins and scarf-pins are more than interesting; they are simply fascinating in their dainty designs and endless variety. The newest things are heads—of eagles, elephants, bears, tigers, dogs and horses, not to mention an array of bugs, flies, beetles, etc.—the latter in transparent enamel in natural colors, encrusted with jewels. The newest bugs have matrix bodies, outlined with pearls or brilliants. Charms are on pretty much the same order. The neatest and most genteel of the stick-pins and scarf-pins are in the dainty pearls, which are such marvelous reproductions of nature's product. These are in the natural tints and shapes, and are delicately set with diamond chips. They cannot but appeal to the most refined taste.

Superlative is the only accurate description of the jewelry, taken as a whole, which the season has brought for women. It is very hard for the woman of quiet tastes to refrain from displaying some of the new things. There is every evidence that in another season jewelry will be truly barbaric.

But the girl who luxuriates in being "faddy" will have wide scope for enjoyment. Her first duty will be to at once start a collection of silver animal charms and not rest until she resembles a peripatetic "Zoo." The newest thing is the war bracelet. A twist of gold or a plain silver ring is hung with either a three-inch lion or a boar. If your sympathies are all with England the British lion will dangle at your wrist. Otherwise the Boer boar or the Transvaal bracelet will be chosen. Smaller boars and lions come for watch or chatelaine charms, for brooches or hat-pins.

One is not expected to begin and

end her jewelry menagerie with the boar or lion. Lucky pigs, turtles, French poodles, snakes and lizards were familiar subjects for the jeweler's art. Now it is the fad to acquire about every animal known, including lambs and full-grown sheep that look like tapirs, owls, goats, a real one-horned rhinoceros, elephants, bears, dromedaries, bison and even donkeys. They are about an inch in length and made to hang from a bracelet, bangle fashion, or attached to a chain at intervals. The only two beasts of any prominence the jewelers have not fashioned in silver are ourang outangs and giraffes. The animal hat-pin is to be quite the thing.

A quaint conceit, intended to be a close friend to its owner, is styled "All in a nutshell." The shell, like a large English walnut, is of gold or silver. When it opens in the center one-half the shell holds an inch-long smelling bottle surrounded by four pearl-headed pins, for use. The center partition of the shell is a tiny, round looking-glass that lifts to reveal just a dot of a powder puff, the shell holding the needed powder.

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CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

WHAT MEN ADMIRE IN WOMEN.

Strength in woman is admired by a strong man always. Of course, I mean by the phrase a "strong man," a man who has some experience of life. It occasionally happens that a very young man of real strength of character falls the victim in early life to the fascinations of a clinging, sweet, inefficient creature, as David Copperfield did to his Dora. But the older and the stronger and the wiser a man is the more he is sure to admire the deep strength of character in woman that springs from the large and easy ability to do things well.—Helen Watterson.

ACCORDING TO THE RULES.

A visitor in Paris was seated at a table in one of the high-priced restaurants in the Exhibition grounds thinking of various things as he read over the bill of fare and observed the prices.

"By thunder!" he exclaimed to the waiter, "haven't you any conscience at all in this place?"

"Beg pardon," replied the haughty servitor.

"Haven't you any conscience—conscience—conscience? Don't you understand?"

The waiter picked up the bill of fare, and began looking it over.

"I don't know if we have or not. If we have, it's on the bill; if we ain't, you've got to pay extra for it. Them's the rules, sir."

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TRAINING WIVES.

One of the most indefatigable advocates of Woman's Rights used to say that it was the greatest possible mistake for girls to be brought up to regard marriage as a profession. The danger nowadays seems to lie in the opposite direction, and women appear to think that no kind of training is necessary in order to fit them for the duties that will devolve upon them if they do become wives and mothers. That mothers should train their daughters to snare husbands and to regard matrimony as their predestined end is unquestionably a mistake; but that our modern system does not make for domestic felicity is, unhappily, only too evident. However, we get over all our troubles at this end of the century by the use of serum or by technical schools, and it is therefore not in the least surprising to learn that a training college has been suggested by a bright woman where girls are to be taught their duties as matrons. Naturally, housewifely duties come first in the course of studies, then the care of children, then the preservation of personal appearance. And it may be here noted that this is by no means an insignificant subject for wives to study. We know, alas! that the average woman looks older than the average man, who is very susceptible to good looks and that indefinable attractiveness that clothes can give a woman if they are well chosen and well put on. Every wife cannot have unlimited dress money or credit at her modiste's; but she can be careful to keep wrinkles and dowdiness at bay. One can easily imagine that the classes for this subject will be well attended at the school for wives; but it is impossible to imagine how pupils are to be practically trained in tact, which is also included in the curriculum. If the professors can teach this, then future rulers in court should have a very easy time and matrimonial misunderstandings become exceptional. But how is it to be done? Can the leopard change its spots or the Ethiopian his skin? And Edwins and Angelinas all the world over are daily giving each other all manner of provocation for making those rifts within the domestic lute which so often widen and widen until the music that at the outset of their matrimonial life was so full of harmony becomes altogether mute. When Edwin shows a disposition to seek society away from home, when he grumbles unceasingly and unreasoningly, when he flings his relations, so to say, at Angelina, when he sulks, when, in short, he does any of the aggravating things that he always does, Angelina must hit the happy mean that lies between absolute silence—which goads a man to madness—and the addition of fuel to the fire which inevitably results from "answering back" and argumentation. But if women are made so perfect as to hold their tongues when provoked, it is difficult to see where the material for plays and novels is to be found.

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THE PORTRAIT.

(Continued from page 27.)

threw odd shadows on the face, and it was very pale, haggard and drawn. The hair was all bedraggled, common and colorless; it was half tumbling over the shoulders, and an untidy wisp straggled across the forehead; the eyes were heavy and lusterless, with great lines under them of care and disillusion. But in the whole expression was such a coarseness, that Sara was seized with horror and consternation. The face was so entirely common and mean that she was ashamed. But the force and power of the painting were so great that even she could not help feeling them. You saw that it was not only a fine picture, it was a living person of flesh, with the blood streaming through the veins, a woman with a past of degrading toil, a woman of commonplace ideas and of low stock; you read as in a book the story of her parents, struggling to amass vulgar lucre in a vulgar way. Sara saw again the dreadful meanness of her home, and all the horrors of her lowly birth and her bringing up. It was a masterpiece of portraiture.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"I feel that it is an extraordinary likeness." The words were like bitter wounds.

"Oh, I thank you, Sara."

He took her hands and kissed them; it was the first sign of affection he had ever given. Sara looked at him in surprise, wondering why he did it. All her ideals were overthrown and broken. She knew he did not love her. If he had, he could not have seen her like that.

"If he'd merely respected me—or pitied me—he couldn't have told the truth so brutally."

She had been nothing to him but a striking model, and callously he had not cared if he broke her heart.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked, hoarsely.

She felt no anger towards him, but only a complete despair. He had shown her that she was contemptible, and she took the lesson to heart, despising herself.

"I'm going away to-morrow. I'm going to Venice."

"And when shall I see you again?" Her voice was quite expressionless.

"I don't know when I shall be back."

"Perhaps never?" she asked.

"Do you feel that, too?" he cried.

"I feel that when one has known a person once, and lived in entire fellowship, a break is really final. We may see one another again, but it will be never the same. We shall be strangers, we who have been comrades. We should be wise to break off now—to-night—rather than let our friendship dwindle and die of boredom."

"You're right, perhaps," she murmured. She was like a person dying, too weak to show any emotion, even too weak to feel it.

"How can I thank you?" he said.

"Oh, I don't feel I want to make any dramatic farewell. If you don't mind I'll just go away quietly, as usual. Only there'll be no return. Good night."

She slipped out of the studio and down the stairs, leaving him standing. She walked along the street, bowed down by the sudden misery, feeling utterly hopeless. Everything had left her, her ideals were only a house of cards and they had tumbled down; they were the green leaves of the summer, and now they lay fallen and scattered.

THE TREATMENT OF WHOOPING COUGH.

The *Journal des Praticiens*, after pointing out the necessity that the child should live in a room at the proper temperature and have plenty of fresh air, and should be given easily digested food frequently, suggests the following internal treatment for use as soon as it is decided that the child is suffering from the disease:

Externally the chest is rubbed morning and night with a liniment composed of essence of turpentine and oil of sweet almonds, equal parts. Care must be taken that the pure turpentine is employed, and if the child's skin is irritated by it the strength should be decreased. The object is to produce slight reddening but no further irritation of the skin. It is thought that the counter-irritation and the inhalation of the turpentine exercise a favorable influence upon the respiratory passages. In regard to internal treatment, a good many remedies are employed, but nearly all of them have disadvantages. Aconite is too depressing; belladonna and codeine are too powerful and check secretions. Antipyrin is apt to interfere with the functions of the kidneys, but inhalations of oxygen are advantageous, and bromoform is recommended by Marfan is distinctly useful.

DUSTING A SICK-ROOM.

Dust should never be allowed to accumulate in a sick-room. If the floor is entirely covered with carpet (a great mistake in an invalid's room), let it be swept every other day; a thick flannel cloth, first wrung out of water, may be tied over the straw of the broom, and this will prevent the dust from rising and becoming disagreeable to the patient. Let furniture and woodwork be dusted daily with a damp cloth, not a dry or feather duster, for then the dust is simply whisked from one place to another, instead of being removed from the room. Never allow medicine glasses, spoons, or anything that has been used to stand about the room unwashed. As soon as the patient has taken his nourishment the tray should be removed. Flowers and growing plants need not be banished from the sick-room, except at night. Their brightness, fragrance and beauty are beneficial to the invalid, and this alone should give them a passport into the room, which ought to be the most cheerful in the house.

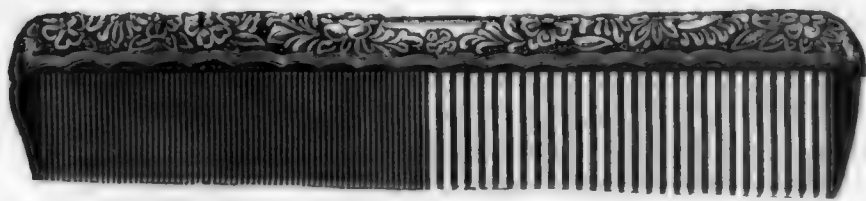
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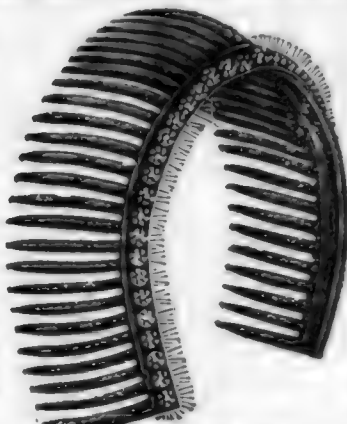
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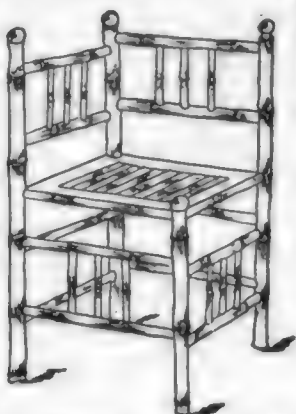
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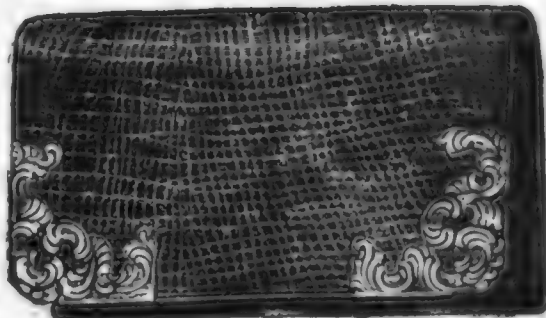
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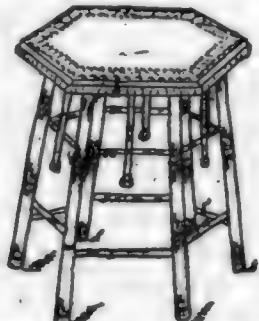
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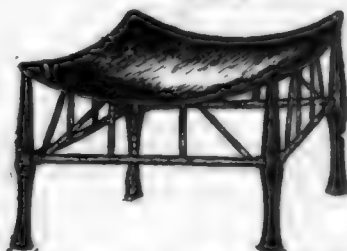
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The uses to which the fastener can be put are manifold. It can be employed to join the edges of lace boleros or can be placed among the filmy lace accessories that are now so fashionable. It effectually trims collars and cuffs, and is, in short, just the thing we have been wanting. That we will not be slow in adopting this

welcome innovation goes without saying. They come in sets of three, always two buttons with a slender bar.

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Fig. 231. Bust, 34, 40.



Fig. 206. Suit. Bust, 28.



Fig. 131. Bust, 32, 34, 36.



Fig. 135. Bust, 32, 36.



Fig. 248. Suit. Bust, 26.



Fig. 235. Bust, 36.



Fig. 233. Bust, 36.



Fig. 227. Skirt, 24.
Bust, 34, 36.



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Fig. 229. Skirt, 24.
Bust, 34, 36, 38.



Fig. 230. Bust, 36.



Fig. 132. Bust, 34, 36.



Fig. 222. Skirt, 22.



Fig. 109.
Bust, 32, 34 and 36.



Fig. 122. Bust, 36.



Fig. 239. Skirt, 22, 24.



Fig. 136. Bust, 36.



Fig. 234. Bust, 36.



Fig. 207. Suit. Bust, 26, 31.



Fig. 90. Bust, 32, 36. Skirt, 38, 21.



Fig. 208. Suit. Bust, 30.



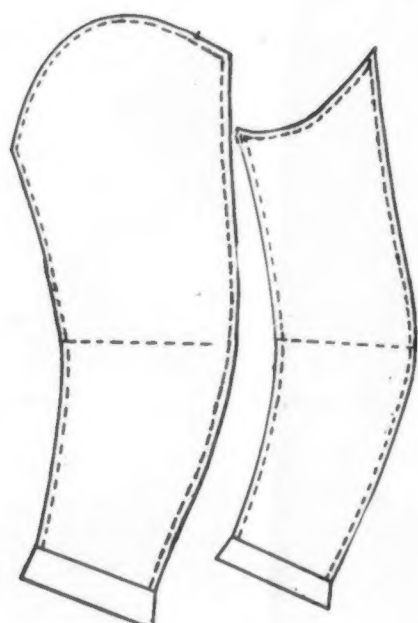
Fig. 127. Bust, 36.

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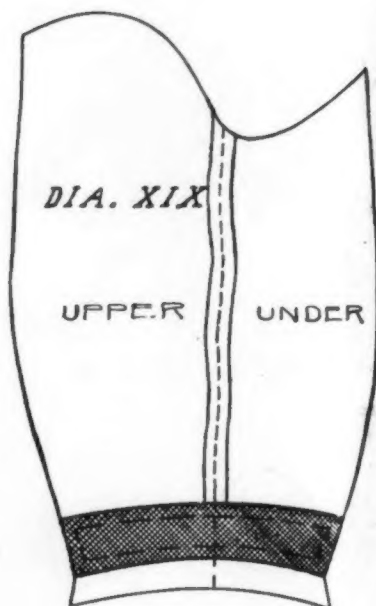
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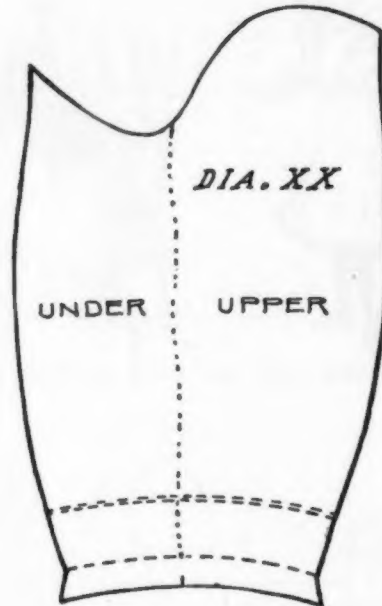


DIA. XVIII



DIA. XIX

UPPER UNDER



DIA. XX

UNDER UPPER



DIA. XXI

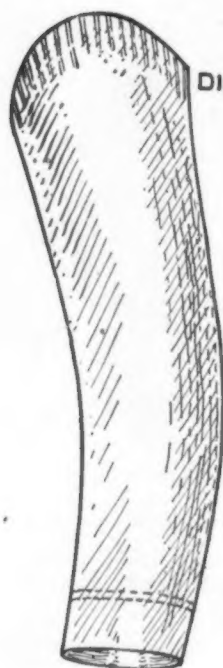
FIFTH LESSON ON COAT MAKING—THE SLEEVE AND THE SECOND TRY-ON.

In the previous lessons we explained the different steps in making a Tailor-made garment. Cutting out the pieces, joining them together, pressing the seams, putting in the canvas and hair-cloth, making the collar lapels, etc.

We are now ready to take up the sleeves, and after they are basted in the garment will be ready for the second try-on.

The Sleeve, of course, must be cut properly, as shown in Diagram XVIII, which represents the top sleeve and the under sleeve. The outside lines are the cutting lines, while the dotted ones are to indicate the sewing lines. The sewing lines should be marked with Tailor-Marking, which was explained fully in the making of the Jacket.

We will now take another step and cut the lining, which should be the same size and shape as the outside, although the lining is not usually put in until after the sleeve has been tried on. When very full sleeves are worn, as they were some time ago, then the linings are usually cut as large as the outside. When sleeves are worn small, every little thing helps to make a better hanging sleeve. Should the head or top of the Sleeve be required to stand out on a level with the shoulder, and not raised up as in full sleeves, then cut some fine hair-cloth or canvas, half-moon shape, or rather the same shape as the top of the sleeve. When the sleeves are being gathered to be put in, gather the stiffening the same as the outside, and you will find it to be a great help in keeping the sleeve in position. Having done this, seam up the front seam, and then put a thin piece of canvas around the cuff, as shown in Diagram XIX, and it is advisable to have this canvas, which goes in the cuff on the bias. We are now ready to stitch the cuff around the sleeve, as shown in Diagram XX. Of course the number of rows of stitching here must be the same as the rest of the garment. If you have any trouble to put the gathers in regular while basting the sleeve, then it is best to gather them beforehand, as shown in Diagram XXII. You can take a basting thread and measure the armhole of the jacket. Then take this thread and run it around the armhole of the sleeve, gathering in enough fullness at the top so it will fit properly in the garment. Both sleeves are to be plaited or gathered equal. You are now ready to baste the sleeve into the armhole and try on the garment for the second time. Put it on the customer and see that the changes are made, if any are necessary. Also see that the garment is the proper length and shape at the bottom. Now sew up the back seam in the sleeves. Then press the seam open and turn up at the hand the length desired. The sleeve linings being made, we are now ready to put them in the sleeves. This is simply done by fastening the seams together along the front and backarm. Fell the lining around the hand and press off before putting in, not forgetting to take off any gloss that may appear. Diagram XXI shows the seams all sewn up, stitching done, and the sleeve turned up at the hand. The sleeve having been fitted and seamed up, you can then sew it into the armhole, as it was just basted in so the garment could be tried on. After stitching the sleeve into the garment, press the seams open, and back stitch the lining and canvas of the Front down on the seam and then fell the sleeve lining around the armhole, after the lining is put in the jacket. As we explained in a previous lesson, persons using the McDowell System usually have only one try-on. However, persons just beginning, or having some other method, generally try on a garment at least twice. If the garment is tried on properly and the alterations marked carefully, then no further try-on will be necessary.



DIA. XXI.

CUTTING THE LINING.

The next step is to cut the lining for the coat, and the pieces should be about the same size and shape as the regular Back, Side, Body and Underarm of the material, with this exception. The lining is usually cut about one inch longer at the top and bottom of each piece and about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch wider along the side of each piece, as the lining should be put in easy. The lining for the Front is cut the same shape as the outside, but need only extend to the Facing, since this covers the rest of the front, as shown in Diagram II. Allow about one inch extra along the edge to fell the lining down on the facing.

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